F 47.2
W349p

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division SCC

Section 3809

WATTS' PSALMS AND HYMNS.

CHARLESTON EDITION.

PSALMS,

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
JAN 31 1936

CAREFULLY SUITED

TO THE

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BEING

AN IMPROVEMENT OF THE OLD VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

All things written in the Law of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, concerning must be fulfilled."

CHARLESTON, S. C.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WM RILEY, 125 CHURCH-STREET.

1827.

A TABLE,

TO FIND ANY PSALM BY THE FIRST LINE.

	Page
ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice	93
Almighty God, appear and save	7
Almighty Ruler of the skies	5
Along the banks where Babel's current flows	85
Amidst thy wrath, remember love	23
Among th' assemblies of the great	49
Among the princes, earthly gods	51
And will the God of grace	49
Are all the foes of Zion fools	33
Are sinners now so senseless grown	8
Arise, my gracious God	9
Awake my soul to sound his praise	67
Awake, ye saints, to praise your King	88
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne	60
Behold, O God, what cruel foes	48
Behold the lofty sky	11
Behold the love, the gen'rous love	21
Behold the morning sun	11
Behold the sure foundation stone	72
Behold thy waiting servant, Lord	75
Behold us, Lord, and let our cry	33
Bless, O my soul, the living God	61
Bless'd are the sons of peace	82
Bless'd are the souls who hear and know	52
Bless'd are the undefil'd in heart	72
Bless'd is the man, forever bless'd	19
Bless'd is the man whose breast can move	25
Bless'd is the man who shuns the place	1
Bless'd is the nation where the Lord	19
CHILDREN in years and knowledge young	20
Come, children, learn to fear the Lord	21
Come, let our voices join to raise	57
Come sound his praise abroad	57
Consider all my sorrows, Lord	76
DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength	13
Deep in our hearts let us record	41
EARLY, my God, without delay	36
Exalt the Lord our God	59
FAR as thy name is known	28
Father, I bless thy gentle hand	77
Father, I sing thy wonderous grace	41
Firm and unmov'd are they	80
Firm was my health, my day was bright	17
Fools in their hearts believe and say	7
Forever blessed be the Lord	88
Forever shall my song record	51
From age to age exalt his name	65
From all that dwell below the skies	71
From deep distress and troubled thoughts	81
From foes that round us rise	35
GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above	65
Give thanks to God, invoke his name	64
Give thanks to God most high	84
Give thanks to God, the sovereign Lord	84
Give to our God immortal praise	85
Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame	17
God in his earthly temple lays	51
God is the refuge of his saints	27
God my supporter and my hope	44
God of eternal love	65
God of my childhood and my youth	42
God of my life look gently down	24
God of my mercy and my praise	67
Good is the Lord, the heavenly King	38
Great God, attend to my complaint	37
Great God, attend while Zion sings	50
Great God, how oft did Israel prove	48
Great God, indulge my humble claim	37
Great God, the heaven's well order'd frame	12
Great God, whose universal sway	43
Great is the Lord, exalted high	83
Great is the Lord, his works of might	68
Great is the Lord our God	28
Great Shepherd of thine Israel	48
HAD not the God of truth and love	79
Happy is he that fears the Lord	69
Happy the city where their sons	89
Happy the man whose cautious feet	1
Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face	60
Hear what the Lord in vision said	52
Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail	7
He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns	58
He that hath made his refuge God	55
High in the heavens, eternal God	21
How awful is thy chast'ning rod	48
How bless'd the man to whom his God	18
How did my heart rejoice to hear	78
How fast their guilt and sorrows rise	9
How long wilt thou conceal thy face	7
How pleasant, how divinely fair	49
How pleasant 'tis to see	83

	Page
How pleas'd and bless'd was I	79
How shall the young secure their hearts	73
IF God succeed not, all the cost	80
If God to build the house deny	80
I lift my soul to God	15
I'll bless the Lord from day to day	20
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	90
I'll speak the honors of my King	27
I love the Lord, he heard my cries	70
In all my vast concerns with thee	87
In anger, Lord, do not chastise	4
In God's own house pronounce his praise	94
In haste, O God, attend my call	42
In Judah, God of old was known	45
In thee, great God, with songs of praise	13
I set the Lord before my face	9
Is there ambition in my heart	82
It is the Lord our Saviour's hand	61
I waited patient for the Lord	24
I will extol thee, Lord, on high	17
JEHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light	56
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne	68
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	43
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	59
Judge me, O God, and plead my cause	26
Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways	16
Judges who rule the world by laws	35
Just are thy ways and true thy word	10
LET all the earth their voices raise	58
Let all the heathen writers join	74
Let children hear the mighty deeds	47
Let earth with every isle and sea	59
Let every creature join	93
Let every tongue thy goodness speak	90
Let God arise in all his might	39
Let sinners take their course	34
Let Zion and her sons rejoice	61
Let Zion in her King rejoice	27
Let Zion praise the mighty God	91
Lo, what a glorious Corner Stone	72
Lo, what an entertaining sight	82
Long as I live, I'll bless thy name	89
Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove	10
Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin	32
Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes	4
Lord, I esteem thy judgments right	74
Lord, I have made thy word my choice	74
Lord, I will bless thee all my days	20
Lord, I would spread my sore distress	32
Lord, if thine eye survey our faults	54
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	3
Lord of the worlds above	50
Lord, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind	51
Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry	71
Lord, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land	35
Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'	86
Lord, thou hast seen my soul sincere	10
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray	3
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand	56
Lord, we have heard thy works of old	26
Lord, what a feeble piece	54
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	44
Lord, what is man, poor feeble man	89
Lord, what was man when made at first	5
Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er	87
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high	40
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord	91
MAKER and sovereign Lord	1
Mercy and judgment are my song	60
Mine eyes and my desire	16
My God, accept my early vows	88
My God, consider my distress	75
My God, how many are my fears	2
My God, in whom are all the springs	35
My God, my everlasting hope	42
My God, my King, thy various praise	89
My God, permit my tongue	37
My God, the steps of pious men	23
My God, what inward grief I feel	86
My heart rejoices in thy name	18
My never-ceasing song shall show	52
My refuge is the God of love	6
My righteous Judge, my gracious God	88
My Saviour and my King	26
My Saviour, my almighty Friend	42
My Shepherd is the living Lord	14
My Shepherd will supply my need	14
My soul, how lovely is the place	50
My soul lies cleaving to the dust	77
My soul, repeat his praise	62
My spirit looks to God alone	36
My spirit sinks within me, Lord	25
My soul, thy great Creator praise	63
My trust is in my heavenly Friend	4
NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes	82
Not to our names, thou only just and true	70
Not to ourselves, who are but dust	70
Now be my heart inspir'd to sing	27
Now from the roaring lion's rage	14
Now I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind	43
Now let our lips with holy fear	41
Now let our mournful songs record	24
Now may the God of power and grace	12
Now shall my solemn vows be paid	39
O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord	71
O bless the Lord, my soul	62
O blessed souls are they	18
O for a shout of sacred joy	28
O God, my refuge, hear my cries	34
O God of grace and righteousness	3
O God of mercy hear my call	33
O God of my salvation, hear	51
O God, to whom revenge belongs	56
O happy man, whose soul is fill'd	81
O happy nation where the Lord	20
O how I love thy holy law	74

	Page
O Lord, how many are my foes	3
O Lord, our heavenly King	4
O Lord, our Lord, how wonderous great	5
O that the Lord would guide my ways	75
O that thy statutes every hour	76
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	32
O thou whose grace and justice reign	79
O thou whose justice reigns on high	34
Oh what a stiff rebellious house	47
Of justice and of grace I sing	60
Our God, our help in ages past	54
Out of the deeps of long distress	81
PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee	38
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name	83
Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join	90
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise	90
Preserve me, Lord, in time of need	8
Protect us, Lord, from fatal harm	87
REJOICE ye righteous in the Lord	19
Remember, Lord, our mortal state	53
Return, O God of love, return	54
SALVATION is for ever nigh	51
Save me, O God, the swelling floods	40
Save me, O Lord, from every foe	9
See what a living stone	72
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive	32
Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine	39
Sing, all ye nations to the Lord	39
Sing to the Lord aloud	49
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name	57
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands	58
Songs of immortal praise belong	68
Soon as I heard my Father say	17
Sure there's a righteous God	44
Sweet is the memory of thy grace	89
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	55
TEACH me the measure of my days	24
That man is bless'd who stands in awe	68
Th' Aimighty reigns exalted high	59
The earth for ever is the Lord's	15
The God Jehovah reigns	59
The God of glory sends his summons forth	31
The God of our salvation hears	38
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	12
The King of saints, how fair his face	27
The Lord appears my helper now	71
The Lord, how wonderous are his ways	62
The Lord Jehovah reigns	59
The Lord is come ; the heavens proclaim	58
The Lord my Shepherd is	15
The Lord of glory is my light	16
The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high	56
The Lord, the Judge, before his throne	29
The Lord, the Judge, his churches warns	30
The Lord, the sovereign King	63
The Lord, the sovereign, sends his Son	30
The man is ever bless'd	1
The praise of Zion waits for thee	38
The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought	25
Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength	10
Think, mighty God, on feeble man	53
This is the day the Lord hath made	72
This spacious earth is all the Lord's	15
Thou art my portion, O my God	78
Thou God of love, thou ever bless'd	77
Thro' every age, eternal God	53
Thrice happy man, who fears the Lord	69
Thus God, the eternal Father spake	67
Thus I resolv'd before the Lord	23
Thus saith the Lord, the spacious fields	30
Thus saith the Lord, your work is vain	24
Thus the great Lord of earth and sea	67
Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord	75
Thy name, almighty Lord	71
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord	66
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand	38
To God I cry'd with mournful voice	46
To God I made my sorrows known	88
To God, the great, the ever bless'd	65
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes	78
To our almighty Maker God	59
To thee before the dawning light	73
To thee, most high and holy God	45
To thee, O God of truth and love	18
To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries	17
To thine almighty arm we owe	11
'Twas for our sake, eternal God	42
'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came	86
'Twas in the watches of the night	36
VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent	66
UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill	79
Up from my youth, may Israel say	81
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes	78
Upward I lift mine eyes	78
WE bless the Lord, the just the good	40
We love thee, Lord, and we adore	11
What shall I render to my God	71
When Christ to judgment shall descend	30
When God is nigh my faith is strong	9
When God provok'd with daring crimes	66
When God restor'd our captive state	80
When God reveal'd his gracious name	80
When I, with pleasing wonder, stand	87
When Israel, freed from Pharoah's hand	69
When Israel sinn'd the Lord reprov'd	47
When man grows bold in sin	22
When overwhelm'd with grief	36
When pain and anguish seize me, Lord	77
When the great Judge, supreme and just	6
Where shall the man be found	16
Where shall we go to seek and find	82
While I keep silence and conceal	19
While men grow bold in wicked ways	21
Who shall ascend thy heavenly place	8
Who shall inhabit in thy hill	8

	Page
Who will arise and plead my right	57
Why did the Jews proclaim their rage	2
Why did the nations join to slay	2
Why do the proud insult the poor	29
Why do the wealthy wicked boast	22
Why doth the Lord depart so far	6
Why doth the man of riches grow	28
Why has my God my soul forsook	13
Why should I vex my soul and fret	22
Why should the haughty hero boast	33
Why should the mighty make their boast	33
Will God for ever cast us off	45
With all my powers of heart and tongue	85
With earnest longings of the mind	25
With my whole heart I'll raise my song	5
With my whole heart I've sought thy face	76
With reverence let the saints appear	52
With songs and honours sounding loud	91
Would you behold the works of God	66
YE holy souls in God rejoice	19
Ye nations round the earth rejoice	60
Ye servants of the almighty King	69
Ye sons of men, a feeble race	55
Ye sons of pride that hate the just	29
Ye that delight to serve the Lord	69
Ye that obey th' immortal King	83
Ye tribes of Adam join	91
Yet (saith the Lord) if David's race	53

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

Imitated in the Language of the New Testament.

PSALM 1. C. M.

Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat;

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away, like dust
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM 1. S. M.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

1 THE man is ever bless'd,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet.

6 He knows and he approves,
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM 1. L. M.

Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way where sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

6 "Strait is the way my saints have trode,
"I bless'd the path, and drew it plain:
"But you would choose the crooked road;
"And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM 2. S. M. Acts iv. 24, &c.

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning.

1 [MAKER and Sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfilled;
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus thine holy Child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Join all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design,
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
To rule the subject earth:
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7 Beneath his sov'reign sway
The Gentile nations bend;
Far as the world's remotest bounds
His kingdom shall extend.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod:
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he received from God.

9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2. C. M.

The same.

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his Gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead;
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost heathen lands:
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth;
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2. L. M.

Christ's Death, Resurrection and Ascension.

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans, why their swords employ
Against the Lord? their powers engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy?

2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say.
"This man shall never give us laws:"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls:
He'll smite their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made
"On Zion's everlasting hill;
"My hand shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall stand your Sovereign still."

5 [His wond'rous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The Lord declares his heavenly birth;
"This day have I begot my Son:

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand;
"There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
"The utmost bounds of heathen land:
"To thee their suppliant tribes shall bow."]

7 But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall beneath his lifted rod;
His arm shall crush th' impious race
That dare provoke th' avenging God.

PAUSE.

8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now, to his feet submit your crowns;
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
His love gives life above the sky.

10 His storms shall quell the stubborn foe
And sink his honours in the dust:
Happy the souls, their God that know,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM 3. C. M.

Doubts and fears suppressed; or, God our defence from sin and Satan.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven,
And all my growing sins appear
Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shall silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear;
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;

I woke and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood:
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God hath broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM 3. v. 1—5, 8. L. M.

A Morning Psalm.

1 O LORD how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood,
My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. v. 1—7. L. M.

Hearing of Prayer; or, God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress;
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"*Who will bestow some earthly good?*"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace divine, and love so great:
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their wealth and boasted state.

PSALM 4. v. 3—5, 8. C. M.

An Evening Psalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;

The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.

PSALM 6. C. M.

Complaint in Sickness; or, Disease healed.

1 IN anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
My eyes consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine hand affords relief?

5 He hears his mourning children speak,
He pities all our groans;
He save us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word,
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 6. L. M.

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night;
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair:
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart.

PSALM 7. C. M.

God's care of his people and punishment of persecutors.

1 MY trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee my God:
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliverer's near.

3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage,
Be humbled to the dust:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 Tho' leagu'd in guile, their malice spread
A snare before my way:
Their mischiefs on their impious head,
His vengeance shall repay.]

9 That cruel, persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword:
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. S. M.

God's Sovereignty and Goodness; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [From mouths of feeble babes
And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name.
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

PSALM 8. C. M.

Christ's Condescension and Glorification; or God made Man.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And shining stars, that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwell so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own
His godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net;
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshy cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8 Let him with majesty be crown'd
Who bow'd his head to death;
And his eternal honours sound,
From all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM 8. *First Part.* L. M.

Verse 1, 2, *paraphrased.*

The Hosanna of the Children; or, Infants praising God.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring:
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

PSALM 8. *Second Part.* L. M.

Verse 3, *&c. paraphrased.*

Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and new Creation.

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first;
Adam, the offspring of the dust;
That thou shouldst set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state?
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born?

4 See him below his angels made;
Behold him numbered with the dead!
To save a ruined world from sin:
But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9. 1*st Part.* C. M.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;

Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thine abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threat'ning word,
Whose works his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. *2d Part.* C. M. Verse 12.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood;
The humble souls, that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He, from the dreadful gates of death,
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

4 Thus, by thy judgment mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
In snares that were their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain;
Their cries shall never be forgot.
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10. C. M.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, Pride, Atheism, and Oppression punished.

FOR A DAY OF HUMILIATION.

1 WHY doth the Lord depart so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight thy righteous cause?

3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor:
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
"The God of heaven will ne'er engage
"To fight on Zion's side?"

6 But thou forever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess,
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. L. M.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult, and cry
"Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
"To distant woods or mountains fly?"

2 If government be once destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below:
To him all mortal things are known;
His eyelids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall reign
Sulphureous flames of wasting death;
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12. L. M.

The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil times; or, Sins of the Tongue complained of, viz. Blasphemy, Falsehood, &c.

1 ALMIGHTY God, appear and save!
For vice and vanity prevail;
The Godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.

2 The whole discourse, when crowds are met,
Is fill'd with trifles, loose and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.

4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
"Our tongues shall be control'd by none:
"Where is the Lord will ask us why?
"Or say, our lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear:
Not silver, seven times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend from danger and surprise;
Though, when the vilest men have power,
On every side oppressors rise.

PSALM 12. C. M.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, the promise and signs of Christ's coming to judgment.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
They scorn our faithful word:
"Are not our lips our own," they cry,
"And who shall be our Lord?"

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold;
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
"And make th' oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
Through ages shall endure:
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. C. M.

Complaint under the temptation of the Devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my foes control
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep:
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.

6 But they shall flee at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Whence all my comforts spring:
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

PSALM 14. 1*st Part.* C. M.

By nature all men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
"That all religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"Or minds the affairs of men.

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root!)
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14. *2d Part.* C. M.

The folly of Persecutors

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God, confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day was come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15. C. M.

Character of a Saint; or a Citizen of Zion; or the qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 15. L. M.

Religion and justice, Goodness and truth: or, Duties to God and man; or the qualifications of a Christian.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt;
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Confession of our Poverty, and saints the best company; or good works profit men, not God.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee bless'd,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine!

I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16. *2d Part.* L. M.

Christ's All-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
A nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast,
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name forever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes:
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16. *3d Part.* L. M.

Courage in Death, and hope in the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high,
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place

PSALM 16. v. 1—3. *1st Part.* C. M.

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may still rejoice;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The people of my choice.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Nor death nor hell my hope shall move
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM 16. *2d Part.* C. M.

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face.
"He bears my courage up:
"My heart, my tongue, their joys express,
"My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
"Where souls departed are,
"Nor quit my body to the grave
"To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raise me to thy throne:
"Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
"Thy presence joys unknown."

4 [Thus, in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold he lives again.

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM 17. v. 13, &c. S. M.

Portion of Saints and Sinners; or, Hope and Despair in Death.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain,
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,

Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 17. L. M.

The Sinner's portion and Saint's hope; or, the Heaven of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Verse 1—9, 15—18.

Deliverance from Despair; or Temptation overcome.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurry'd to despair.

4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
And prov'd his saving grace divine.

5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful, and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength and more their rage
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars the proud can wage.

8 My song forever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour:
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM 18. v. 20—26. 2*d Part.* L. M.

Sincerity Proved and Rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaimed my wandering heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace, that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin:

4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will:
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it that it rise no more?

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too:
The just and pure, shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they.

PSALM 18. 3*d Part.* L. M.

Verse 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign;
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are vain,
While heavenly peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed,
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM 18. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 Oft has the Lord whole nations bless'd
For his own church's sake;
The powers that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 18. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Conqueror's Song.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day:
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood:
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

5 The God of Israel ever lives;
His name be ever bless'd;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

PSALM 19. 1st *Part.* S. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known:
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM 19. 2d *Part.* S. M.

God's Word most excellent; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM 19. L. M.

The Books of Nature and Scripture compared; or the glory and success of the Gospel.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord:
In every star thy goodness shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall the spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

PSALM 19. Tune 113th Psalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 GREAT God, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine!
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice.
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God:
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threatnings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts!
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM 20. L. M.

Prayer, and hope of Victory.

FOR A DAY OF PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
When bucklers fail and brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;

His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts:
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 [O may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with coward flight.]

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. C. M.

National Blessings acknowledged.

1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favoured realms rejoice;
And, bless'd with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress our injur'd land,
Implor'd thy power to save;
For life we prayed; thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Power,
Oppos'd their deadly aim,
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.

5 On thee, in want, in wo, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare,
For thine Almighty name.

PSALM 21. v. 1—9. L. M.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God, his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
But Christ the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great the bless'd Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will;
Nor doth the least request withhold:
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
And, as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22. v. 1—6. 1*st Part.* C. M.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

1 WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear our groans as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 With shaking head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn:
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine Almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
By foes encompass'd, fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart:
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM 22. 2d *Part.* C. M.

Verse 20, 21, 27—31.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The powers of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears:

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22. L. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave;
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his Father and his Friend.
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Oh savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

6 But God his Father heard his cry:
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23. L. M.

God our Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely bless'd.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake:
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are;
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth, and sons of hell,
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing shed,
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

PSALM 23. C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
And leads, me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;

One word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come,)
No more a stranger nor a guest;
But like a child at home.

PSALM 23. S. M.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. C. M.

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But, who among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?
He that hath hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near.

5 The King of glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM 24. L. M.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or Christ's Ascension.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
And dwell so near his Maker God.

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead, in awful state,
He opens heaven's eternal gate,
To give his saints a bless'd abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. v. 1—11. 1st *Part.* S. M

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From beams of dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;

Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame,
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. *2d Part.* S. M.

Verse 12, 14, 10, 13.

Divine Instruction.

1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his cov'nant sure,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25. *v* 15—22. *3d Part.* S. M

Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and desertion.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promis'd grace,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare!

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod!

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

PSALM 26. L. M.

Self-examination; or, Evidence of Grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
Array'd in robes of innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell:
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God

PSALM 27. *v.* 1–6. *1st Part.* C. M.

The Church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,

And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. *2d Part.* C. M.

Verses 8, 9, 13, 14.

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
" Ye children seek my grace,"
My heart reply'd without delay,
" I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 28. L. M.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

1 TO thee, O Lord, I raise my cries;
My fervent prayer in mercy hear,
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

2 When suppliant tow'rds thy holy hill
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still,
With impious hypocrites, away.

3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.

4 But, ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.

5 Let every saint, in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour God;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
And feed thy church with heavenly food.

PSALM 29. L. M.

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Thro' every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice;
And, lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his bless'd abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts:
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Sickness Healed and Sorrows Removed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wond'rous records of his grace.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. v. 6. *2d Part.* L. M.

Health, Sickness and Recovery.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
" Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long:
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
" What canst thou profit by my blood?
" Deep in the dust can I declare
" Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 " Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
" And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;

I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

PSALM 31. 1*st Part.* C. M.

Verses 5, 13, 19, 22, 23.

Deliverance from Death.

1 TO thee, O God of truth and love,
My spirit I commit:
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear,
Maintain'd a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3 "My time is in thy hand," I cry'd,
"Tho' I draw near the dust;
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 Oh make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine,

PAUSE.

5 'Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
"I must despair and die;
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.

6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How sweet thy smiling face,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promis'd grace.

7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud:
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompence the proud.

PSALM 31. 2*d Part.* C. M.

Verse 7—33, 11—21.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my heavenly trust;
Thou hast preserv'd me free from shame,
Mine honour from the dust;

2 "My life is spent with grief," I cry'd,
"My years consum'd in groans,
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
A proverb vile was grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side,
Seiz'd and beset me round:
I to thy throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliv'rance hast thou wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!

6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. S. M.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

1 OH blessed souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care:
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32. C. M.

Free Pardon and sincere obedience: or, Confession and forgiveness.

1 HOW bless'd the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 And bless'd beyond expression he,
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
While from the guilty bondage free
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortured mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon sealed.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32. 1st *Part.* L. M.

Repentance and free Pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

1 BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment-seat the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise:
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free:
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

PSALM 32. 2d *Part.* L. M.

A guilty Conscience eased by confession and pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thine holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a bless'd retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wonderous name.

3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heavenly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heavens pervade.

4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep;
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nation's rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands thro' every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33. 2d *Part.* C. M.

Creatures Vain, and God all Sufficient.

1 BLESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse,
Can his bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
Nor springs our safety thence:
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust;
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice.
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 33. As 113th Ps. 1st *Part.*

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Behold to earth's remotest ends,
His goodness flows, his truth extends;
His power the heavenly arches spread;

His word with energy divine,
Bade starry hosts around him shine,
And light the circling heavens pervade.

3 His hand collects the flowing seas ;
Those watery treasures know their place,
And fills the storehouse of the deep :
He spake, and gave all nature birth ;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage ;
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33. As 113th Ps. *2d Part.*

Creatures Vain, and God All-Sufficient.

1 OH happy nation, where the Lord,
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne !
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways ;
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast ;
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider or to fly.

3 The arm of our almighty Lord
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threatening stand :
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Our great Physician and our shield,
Shall send salvation from his throne :
We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34. 1*st Part.* L. M.

God's care of the Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue ;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song,

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Let every heart exalt his name ;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine,
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and love divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord :
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger roar thro' all the wood ;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 34. v. 11—22. *2d Part.* L. M.

Religious Education ; or Instructions of Piety.

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue ;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh :
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death ;
His spirit heals their broken bones,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

PSALM 34. *v.* 1–10. 1*st Part.* C. M.

Prayer and Praise for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day ;
How good are all his ways !
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd ;
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes :

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 O sinners, come and taste his love ;
Come, learn his pleasant ways :
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell ;

What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How richly bless'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood:
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

PSALM 34. *v* 11—22. *2d Part.* C M.

Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM 35. v. 12—14. C. M.

Love to Enemies; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners typified in David.

1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love,
That holy David shows;
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's king,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. v. 5.—9. L. M.

The Perfections and providence of God; or, general providences and special Grace.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36. v. 1, 2, 5—7, 9. C. M.

Practical Atheism exposed; or, God's Being and Attributes asserted.

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 How strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a hastening hour
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away:

Thy judments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heavens created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast:
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36. v. 1—7. S. M.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or, Practical Atheism exposed.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes."

2 [He walks awhile conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, his hands, his head,
To practice all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

PSALM 37. v. 1—15. 1*st Part.* C. M.

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness and Unbelief; or, the Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 WHY should I vex my soul and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust;
And practice all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day.
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them; for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

PSALM 37. 2*d Part.* C. M.

Verse 16, 21, 26—31.

Charity to the poor; or Religion in words and deeds.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;

His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learned of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide:
Led by the spirit and the word
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserved from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

PSALM 37. v. 23—37. *3d Part.* C. M.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will:
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feasts them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanished from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. C. M.

Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance and prayer for pardon and health.

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely press'd;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea
That sinks my comforts down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my powers are whole;
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh and every groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope:
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail;
They raise their pleasure and their pride
Whene'er their wiles prevail.

9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh:
O Lord of my salvation haste
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39. v. 1—3. *1st Part.* C. M.

Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, prudence and Zeal.

1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord:
"Now will I watch my tongue;
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 Whene'er constrain'd awhile to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinner hear
That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39. *v.* 4—7. *2d Part.* C. M.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame:
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain:
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. *v.* 9---13. *3d Part.* C. M.

Sick-bed Devotion; or, pleading without repining.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel:
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were:
May I be well prepared to go,
When I thy summons hear!

6 But if my life be spar'd awhile
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. *1st Part.* C. M.

Verse 1—3, 5, 17.

A Song of deliverance from great Distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies Lord how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. v. 6—9. *2d Part.* C. M.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt offerings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My God to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare
"Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart:
"Mine ears are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And see! the bless'd Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook:
Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40. *v.* 5—10. L. M.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought,
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt,
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
"And, lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;
"The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
"And all creation tune thy praise."

PSALM 41. v. 1—3. L. M.

Charity to the poor; or, pity to the afflicted.

1 BLESS'D is the man, whose breast can move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of general grief
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

PSALM 42. v. 1—9. C. M.

Desertion and hope; or, complaint of absence from public worship.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
"And where's your God at last?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
My spirit, why indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42. v. 6—11. L. M.

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or Hope in affliction.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But, I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell, like a sea, and round me spread;
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly rock,
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 My God, my most exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill.

PSALM 43. C. M.

Safety in divine protection.

1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends:
And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?

3 O send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear;
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

4 Then to thy altar, O my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

5 Sink not my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak despair;
For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

PSALM 44. *v.* 1—3, 8, 15, 26. C. M.

The Church's complaint in Persecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 They saw thy beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run;
While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given.

6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. S. M.

The Glory of Christ; the success of the Gospel; and the Gentile Church.

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And rise in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father, and thy God,
Hath without measure shed
His spirit, like a grateful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
A beauteous bride, in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing,
And taste the heavenly joy.

PSALM 45. C. M.

The personal Glories and Government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair,
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed:
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45. 1*st Part.* L. M.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing,
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus, the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with far superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord;
Gird on the terror of thy sword:
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit bless'd
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45. 2*d Part.* L. M.

Christ and his Church; or, the mystical Marriage.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen, array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress;
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, (a numerous train,)
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head,
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

PSALM 46. 1*st Part.* L. M.

The Church's safety and triumph among national Desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace, thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth and arm'd with power.

PSALM 46. 2*d Part.* L. M.

God fights for his Church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made.

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God;
"I reign exalted o'er the lands:
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Zion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

PSALM 47. C. M.

Christ Ascending and Reigning.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known:
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. v. 1—8. 1st *Part.* S. M.

The Church is the honour and safety of a Nation.

1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand?
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
How fair his heavenly grace!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest, roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flocks have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 48. *v.* 10---14. 2*d Part.* S. M.

The beauty of the church; or, Gospel worship and order.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. v. 6—14. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Pride and death; or the vanity of life and riches.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,

To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay;
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My house shall ever stand;
"And that my name may long abide
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is buried in the dust
Where his own body lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,
Tho' honour raise them high,
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,
And like the beasts they die.

10 [Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
Death triumphs o'er them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
And wakes them in despair.]

PSALM 49. *v.* 14, 15. *2d Part.* C. M.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
Call'd from the world away,
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my mouldering clay.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49. L. M.

The rich sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem an hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh so delicately fed,
Lies cold and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
And leaves his glories in the tomb;
The saint shall in the morning rise,
And hear th' oppressor's awful doom.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM 50. v. 1—6. *1st Part.* C. M.

The last Judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment shall ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints (he cries,)
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess

"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heaven adore my grace."

PSALM 50. *2d Part.* C. M.

Verses 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields
"And flocks and herds are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Invoke my name when trouble's near,
"My hand shall set thee free:
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare
"The honour due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praise,
"Declares my glory best;
"And those that tread my holy ways,
"Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM 50. *3d Part.* C. M.

Verse 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
"Will I the world reprove;
"Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,
"Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do
"To bring their sacrifice?
"They call my statutes just and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight
"And sin without control?
"But I shall bring your crimes to light,
"With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM 50. L. M.

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face:
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 Oh dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM 50. To a new Tune.

The last Judgment.

THE Lord, the sovereign, sends his summon forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north.
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day!

2 Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near; let all things come
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom;
But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from the distant lands.

3 Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd by all their names—the Greek, the Jew
That paid the ancient worship, or the new—
There's no distinction here, prepare their thrones
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4 I, their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge—ye heavens proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear—
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire—
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee—bulls and goats are vain
Without the flame of love—in vain the store
Of brutal offerings that were mine before—
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests, where the feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or taste the victim's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these? [please
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong!
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited, with long-suffering love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God, the righteous, would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now—my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes—ye fools be wise—
Awake before this dreadful morning rise—
Change your vain tho'ts, your sinful works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

PSALM 50. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north,
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay—
His vengeance sleeps no more—behold the day!
Behold, the Judge descends—his guards are nigh—
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him—
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heaven, earth and hell, draw near—let all things come
"To hear my justice and the sinner's doom—
"But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands)
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold, my cov'nant stands forever good.
"Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood— [Jew,
"And sign'd with all their names—the Greek, the
"That paid the ancient worship or the new."
There's no distinction here—join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices

5 "Here, (saith the Lord) ye angels spread their thrones,
"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons—
"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
"Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward."
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

3 "I am the Saviour—I th' almighty God,
"The sovereign Judge—ye heavens proclaim a-
"My just eternal sentence, and declare [broad
"Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature shall adore him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him,

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane:
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain;
"Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saints' attire,
"I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire."
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
"Do I condemn thee—bulls and goats are vain
"Without the flame of love—in vain the store
"Of brutal offerings, that were mine before."
Earth is the Lord's—all nature shall adore him—
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
"When did I thirst or drink thy bullock's blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds and fields, and forests, where they feed."
All is the Lord's—he rules the wide creation—
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
"Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold?"
God is the judge of hearts—no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
"While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong."
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends—
"Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends—
"While the false flatt'rer at mine altar waits,
"His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
God is the judge of hearts—no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 "Silent I waited with long suffering love—
"But didst thou hope that I should near reprove?
"And cherish such an impious thought within,
"That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
See God appears, all nations join t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors now, my thunders roll,
"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul—
"Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
"Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 "Sinners, awake betimes—ye fools be wise—
"Awake before this dreadful morning rise—
"Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend,
"Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend."
Then join, ye saints, wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM 51. 1st *Part.* L. M.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51. 2d *Part.* L. M.

Original and actual sin confessed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in every part

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Oh make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy]

4 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
Lord let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

PSALM 51. 3d *Part.* L. M.

The Backslider restored; or, repentance and faith in the blood Christ.

1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise,
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humble in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 51. *v.* 3—13. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
Oh make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM 51. v. 14—17. *2d Part.* C. M.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, no heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 52. C. M.

The disappointment of the wicked.

1 WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heavenly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

3 But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy children blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all, who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

PSALM 52. L. M.

The folly of self-dependence.

1 WHY should the haughty hero boast
His vengeful arm, his warlike host?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land.

2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh;
And when the weary'd sword would spare,
His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.

3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue:
With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
And bids the trembling world adore.

4 But God beholds, and with a frown
Casts to the dust his honours down;
The righteous freed, their hopes recall,
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.

5 How low th' insulting tyrant lies,
Who dar'd th' eternal Power despise;
And vainly deem'd, with envious joy,
His arm almighty to destroy.

6 We praise thee, Lord, who heard our cries,
And sent salvation from the skies;
The saints who saw our mournful days,
Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

PSALM 53. v. 4.—6. C. M.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus destroy her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Zion's king,
Her captives to restore!
Thy joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

PSALM 54. C. M.

1 BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend,
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.

2 For slaughtering foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud, and vain;
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rights profane.

3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.

4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress;

Extend thy truth through every land,
And still thy people bless.

PSALM 55. C. M.

Verse 1—8, 16—18, 22.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life;
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 What inward pains my heart-strings wound;
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 Oh, were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove,
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord;
The Lord sustains them all:
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55. v. 15—17, 19, 22. S. M.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love:
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 56. C. M.

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood; or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.

1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
For mischiefs all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise:
I'll sing, "how faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways."

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57. L. M.

Praise for Protection; Grace and Truth.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform:
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell:
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue to sound his praise,
My tongue the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause?
When vile oppression wastes the land,
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries nor tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God;
Those teeth of lions, dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust—
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky—
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
Or snails that perish in their slime;
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their sufferings well repay."

PSALM 59. S. M.

Prayer for National Deliverance.

FROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heaven, defend:
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.

2 Behold, from distant shores,
And desert wilds they come,
Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
And through thy cities roam.

3 Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay;
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit, secure, that impious race
To riot in their reign?

5 In vain their secret guile,
Or open force they prove;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.

6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom;
But drive them with thine angry breath,
Through distant lands to roam.

7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

PSALM 60. C. M.

Looking to God in the Distress of War.

1 LORD, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty towers decay:
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;

Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
From barb'rous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain shall numerous powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown;
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

PSALM 61. v. 1—6. S. M.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62. v. 5—12. L. M.

No trust in the creature; or faith in Divine grace and power.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne:
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust:
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too.

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. v. 1—5. 1*st Part.* C. M.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temples shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. v. 6—10. 2*d Part.* C. M.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy power:
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road:
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings:
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace,
Shall fret and rage in vain:
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

PSALM 63. L. M.

Longing after God; or the love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me bless'd.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God:
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glories there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines, that tempt the taste,
No pleasures that to sense belong,
Could make me so divinely bless'd,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste or pleasure could afford:
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63. S. M.

Seeking God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 64. L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint—
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within,
From treacherous foes and deadly sin;
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy power display,
And scatter far thy foes away—
While listening nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM 65. *v.* 1—5. 1*st Part.* L. M

Public prayer and praise.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God—and praise becomes thy house.
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away the stain—
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee—
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays—
Babel prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request,
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord—

The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65. *v.* 5—13. *2d Part.* L M.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea; or, the God of Nature and Grace.

1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease:
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumult'ous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form:
Mountains, establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly—
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day—
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice—
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and dress'd in flowers.

9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply—
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the valleys yield.
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play—
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each, in his language, speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine—
O'er every field thy glories shine—
Through every month thy gifts appear—
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. *1st Part.* C. M.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness,
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wandering nations see
The Lord is good and just:
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. *2d Part.* C. M.

The providence of God in air, earth and sea; or the blessings of Rain.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. *3d Part.* C. M.

The blessings of the Spring; or, God gives Rain.

A PSALM FOR THE HUSBANDMAN.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provisions yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows dress'd in beauteous pride
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parch'd grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66. 1*st Part.* C. M.

Governing Power and Goodness; or our Grace tried by Affliction.

1 SING all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and our joys.

2 Say to the Power that form'd the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come, see the wonders of our God;
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he put the rod,
And clave the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.

8 Thro' watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. *v.* 13---20. 2*d Part.* C. M.

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known:
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought the heavenly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever bless'd)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. C. M.

The Nation's prosperity and the Church's increase.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power thro' all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our realm, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,
And bids them taste his love.

6 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase:
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Verse 1—6, 32, 35.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;

As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes, array'd in burning flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his names:
Behold, his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wonderous names and powers rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known—
Israel is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bless'd,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68. *v.* 17, 18. *2d Part.* L. M.

Christ's ascension and the gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68. *3d Part.* L. M.

Verse 19, 9, 20—22.

Praise for temporal blessings, or common and special mercies.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heavenly food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
Who loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong—
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love:
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread!
The stubborn sinner's heart confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69. v. 1—14. *1st Part.* C. M.

Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

1 "SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul;
"I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,
"Like mighty waters, roll.

2 "I cry till all my voice be gone,
"In tears I waste the day:
"My God, behold my longing eyes,
"And shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my soul without a cause,
"And still their number grows
"More than the hairs around my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas then I paid the dreadful debt
"That men could never pay,
"And gave those honours to thy law,
"Which sinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
"Salvation in my name;
"For I have borne their heavy load
"Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 "Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round
"And sackcloth was my dress,
"While I procur'd for naked souls,
"A robe of righteousness.

8 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews,
" I like a stranger, stood,
" And bore their vile reproach, to bring
" The Gentiles near to God.

9 " I came in sinful mortals' stead,
" To do my Father's will:
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
" They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10 " My fastings and my holy groans
" Were made the drunkard's song;
" But God, from his celestial throne,
" Heard my complaining tongue.

11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
" Where fears beset me round;
" He rais'd, and fix'd my sinking feet
" On well establish'd ground.

12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour,
" My prayer arose on high;
" And for my sake my God shall hear
" The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM 69. *2d Part.* C. M.

Verse 14, 21, 26, 29, 32.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our lips, with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining face;
" Why should thy Favourite look like one
" Forsaken of thy grace?

4 " With rage they persecute the man
" That groans beneath thy wound,
" While, for a sacrifice, I pour
" My life upon the ground.

5 " They tread my honour to the dust,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their sharp insulting slanders add
" Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 " All my reproach is known to thee,
" The scandal and the shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
" And lies defil'd my name.

7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain;
" My kindred are my grief;
" I ask my friends for comfort round,
" But meet with no relief.

8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,
" They give me gall for food;
" And sporting with my dying groans,
" They triumph in my blood.

9 " Shine into my distressed soul,
" Let thy compassion save;
" And, tho' my flesh sink down to death,
" Redeem it from the grave.

10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,
" Shall reign in worlds unknown;
" And thy salvation, O my God,
" Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM 69. *3d Part.* C. M.

Christ's obedience and death; or God glorified and sinners saved.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wonderous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live for ever bless'd.

5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and sea assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 69. *1st Part.* L. M.

Christ's passion and sinners' salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record,
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;

The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69. *v.* 7, &c. *2d Part.* L. M.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach, and sore disgrace,
While shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren, and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 [" My Father's house," said he, " was made
" A place for worship, not for trade ;"
Then, scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4 [Zeal, for the temple of his God,
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head!
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies:
They nail him to the shameful tree:
There hung the man that died for me.

7 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son:
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

PSALM 70. C. M.

Protection against personal enemies.

1 IN haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
Oh let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall, with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.

3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

4 O thou, my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

PSALM 71. v. 5—9. 1*st Part.* C. M.

The aged Saint's reflection and hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up;
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And, from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALM 71. *2d Part.* C. M.

Verse 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

PSALM 71. v. 17–21. 3*d Part.* C. M.

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or old age, death, and the resurrection.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,

I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wonderous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds:
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care:
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. 1st *Part.* L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72. 2d *Part.* L. M.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run—
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold the nations with their kings?
There Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns—
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains—
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King—
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM 73. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere:
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heavens their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet, while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove:

"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner sit
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell:
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awak'd in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wick'd bless'd.

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown:
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM 73. *v.* 23–28. *2d Part.* C. M.

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race:
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73. v. 22, 3, 6, 17–20. L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.

2 But, Oh their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 73. S. M.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name
And spreads their lies abroad:

6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"

7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
'Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power,
Did my mistake amend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go;

And, Oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 74. C. M.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood,
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls:
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
Thy foes profanely rage;
Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their rest;
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."

7 And, still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
They wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn;
Nor know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit, and hear
Thy holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?

11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wonderous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name?

16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love:
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75. L. M.

Praise to God for the return of Peace.

1 TO thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise:
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wond'rous works demand our praise.

2 To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
And sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sovereign of the skies.

3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.

4 Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.

5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

PSALM 76. C. M.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great—

In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he choose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light
The earth adores and fears.

8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save th' opprest,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes fear his frown;
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And smite his armies down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM 77. 1*st Part.* C. M.

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

1 TO God I cry'd, with mournful voice
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour when trouble rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
'Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years, and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind,
His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
And men, that love thy word,
Have, in thy sanctuary, known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. 2*d Part.* C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient Providence; or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chastening rod!"
(May thy own children say;
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old,
Who reigns in heaven above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 He saw the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of pious Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 From slavish chains he set them free,
They follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the sea,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;

8 Terrors attend the wonderous way
That brings thy mercies down.

[Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Thro' clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And all the saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand,
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
To Canaan's promis'd land.]

PSALM 78. 1*st Part.* C. M.

Providence of God recorded; or, pious Education and Instruction of Children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

PSALM 78. 2*d Part.* C. M.

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, the Sins and Chastisements of God's People.

1 OH what a stiff rebellious house,
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes!

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march with safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wonderous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock, their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord Most High,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our host supply
"Amid this barren land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame:
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. 3*d Part.* C. M.

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance; or Chastisement and Salvation.

1 WHEN Israel sinn'd the Lord reprov'd,
And fill'd their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgave the men he lov'd,
And sent them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provisions down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The food of heaven, so light so pure,
As tho' 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they, in murmuring language, said,
"Is manna all our feast?
"We loath this light, this airy bread:
"We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh, to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd,
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heap'd up on every side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
And, greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78. *v* 32, &c. L. M.

Backsliding and Forgiveness; or, Sin punished and Saints saved.

1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love?
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought;
Then they provok'd him to his face,
Nor fear'd his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march through unknown ways
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise
As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 Yet could his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 79. L. M.

For the Distress of War.

1 BEHOLD, O God, what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valleys, drench'd in blood,
Thy people, fall'n in death, remain;
The fowls of heaven their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted power,
"And where the promise of his grace?"

4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms
O hear the mournful captives sigh:
And let thy sovereign power reprieve,
The trembling souls condemn'd to die.

5 Let those who dar'd insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame,
While heathens, who thy grace despise
Shall from thy vengeance, learn thy name.

6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise,
And every future age shall tell
Thy sovereign power and pardoning grace.

PSALM 80. L. M.

The Church's prayer under affliction; or the Vineyard of God wasted.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro' the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed?
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit;
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is her beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours thy vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore.
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength; at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and bless'd,
With power and grace above the rest.

12 Oh! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die;

Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. v. 1, 8—16. S. M.

The warning of God to his people; or spiritual blessings and punishments.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God:
Let Israel hear his voice.

2 "From idols, false and vain,
"Preserve my rights divine;
"I am the Lord who broke thy chain
"Of slav'ry and of sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
"And I'll supply them well;
"But if ye will refuse your God,
"If Israel will rebel:

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey,
"And let them run the dangerous road;
"'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet O! that all my saints
"Would hearken to my voice!
"Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy their foes,
"I'll richly feed my flock;
"And they shall taste the stream that flows
"From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. L. M.

God the supreme Governor; or Magistrates warned.

1 AMONG the assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat:
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go:
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83. S. M.

A complaint against persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of saints remain,
"Nor mem'ry shall be found."

5 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them, like forests, to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

6 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

7 Then shall the nations know
Thy glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84. 1st *Part.* L. M

The pleasure of public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Bless'd are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84. *2d Part.* L. M.

God and his church; or grace and glory.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. C. M.

Verse 1, 2, 3—10, paraphrased.

Delight in ordinances of worship; or God present in his churches.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies,
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wonderous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will:
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove:
O make me, like the sparrows, bless'd,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state
Among the tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks her nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest.
My spirit faints
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they,
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length:
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence,
With gifts our hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence

He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM 85. *v.* 1—8. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Waiting for an answer to prayer; or deliverance begun and completed.

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home?

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And our salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85. *v.* 9, &c. 2*d Part.* L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleas'd and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

PSALM 86. v. 8—13. C. M.

A general Song of Praise to God.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wonderous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And all my wandering thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. L. M.

The church the birth place of the saints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.

1 GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old?
What wonders are in Zion told?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there.

PSALM 88. As 113th Psalm.

Loss of friends, and absence of divine grace.

1 O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and lasting death.

2 Thy wrath lies heavy on me soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom;
My friends, belov'd in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

3 As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go;
Thro' all alike I rove alone,
While here forgotten, there unknown,
The change renews my piercing wo.

4 And why will God neglect my call!
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord?
Or wake, or brighten, at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly choirs?

6 Yet, thro' each melancholy day,
I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return:
But Oh! my friends, my comforts fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn.

PSALM 89. 1st *Part.* L. M.

The Covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my cov'nant first is made:
"In thee shall dying sinners live;
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest,
"Thy children shall be ever bless'd:
"Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
"Shall stand eternal like my own.

4 "There's none of all my sons above
"So much my image or my love;
"Celestial powers thy subjects are,
"Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "David, my servant, whom I chose,
"To guard my flock, to crush my foes;
"And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
"Was but a shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus, her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89. 1st *Part.* C. M.

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord:
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wonderous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. *v.* 7, &c. 2d *Part.* C. M.

The Power and Majesty of God; or, Reverential Worship.

1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel.

6 Justice and Judgment are thy throne,
Yet wonderous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89. *v.* 15, &c. 3d *Part.* C. M.

A blessed Gospel.

1 BLESS'D are the souls who hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound!
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope
And fills their foes with shame.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. *v.* 19, &c. 4th *Part.* C. M.

Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom; or, his Divine and Human Nature.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercies known;
"Sinners behold, your help is laid
"On my almighty Son.

2 "Behold the man, my wisdom chose
"Among your mortal race:
"His head my holy oil o'erflows,
"With full supplies of grace.

3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
"My people's better King;
"My arm shall beat his rivals down,
"And still new subjects bring.

4 " My truth shall guard him in his way,
" With mercy by his side :
" While in my name, o'er earth and sea,
" He shall in triumph ride.

5 " Me for his Father and his God
" He shall for ever own,
" Call me his rock, his high abode,
" And I'll support my Son.

6 " My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
" At my right hand shall sit :
" Beneath him angels know their place,
" And monarchs at his feet.

7 " My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
" My promises are strong;
" Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
" His seed endure as long."

PSALM 89. v. 30, &c. 5*th Part.* C. M.

The Covenant of Grace Unchangeable; or, Affliction without Rejection.

1 "YET," saith the Lord, "if David's race,
" The children of my Son,
" Should break my laws, abuse my grace ;
" And tempt mine anger down ;

2 " Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
" And make their follies smart ;
" But I'll not cease to be their God,
" Nor from my truth depart.

3 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But keep my grace in mind ;
" And what eternal love hath spoke,
" Eternal truth shall bind.

4 " Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
" And pledg'd my holiness,
" To seal the sacred promise sure
" To David and his race.

5 " The sun shall see his offspring rise,
" And spread from sea to sea,
" Long as he travels round the skies
" To give the nations day.

6 " Sure as the moon that rules the night,
" His kingdom shall endure,
" Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
" Shall be observ'd no more."

PSALM 89. *v.* 47, &c. 6*th Part.* L.M.

Mortality and hope.

A FUNERAL PSALM.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date;
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death.

2 Lord while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
" Must death forever rage and reign!
" Or hast thou made mankind in vain ?

3 " Where is thy promise to the just ?
" Are not thy servants turn'd to dust !
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word :
Awake our souls and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89. *Last Part.* As 113th Ps. Verse 47, &c.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly or power to save ?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
" The race of man was only made
" For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ?
Are not thy servants day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay ?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just ?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed a heavenly crown ?
But flesh and sense indulge despair;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wonderous love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen.*

PSALM 90. L. M.

Man mortal and God eternal.

A MOURNFUL SONG AT A FUNERAL.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long had'st thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man :
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just
" Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;

An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time—how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But, Oh! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread!
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. v. 1–5. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone
And my defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an over-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring, ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 90. 2d *Part.* C. M.

Verse 8, 11, 2, 10, 12.

Infirmities and Mortality, the Effect of Sin; or, Life, Old Age, and Preparation for Death.

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals, with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90. v. 13, &c. 3d *Part.* C. M.

Breathing after Heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90. v. 5, 10, 12. S. M.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this, our mortal frame!
Our life! how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay,
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

PSALM 91. v. 1—7. L. M.

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
"Shall be my fortress and my tower;
"I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
And endless life be their reward.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.

6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe—the poison'd air
Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What, tho' a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So, when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are bless'd.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. v. 9–16. C. M.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare.
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath bruis'd the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call,
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My power shall help them when they fall
"And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known
"I'll honour them in heaven;
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be given."

PSALM 92. 1*st Part.* L. M.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. *v.* 12, &c. *2d Part.* L. M.

The Church is the Garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above :
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93 1*st Metre.* As the 100th Ps.

The Eternal and sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might ;
The world created by his hands
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93. *2d Metre.* As old 50th Ps.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, establish'd by his hand,
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is the eternal King ; thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound they reign ;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more ; ye floods be still ;
And thou mad world submissive to his will :
Built on his truth his church must ever stand :
Firm are his promises and strong his hand ;
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93. *3d Metre.* As old 122d Ps.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd ;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Ere stars adorn'd the sky :
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thy empire rage and roar ;
In vain with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

[*Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.*]

PSALM 94. 1*st Part.* C. M.

Verse 1, 2, 7,—14.

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed ; or, instructive Afflictions.

1 O GOD to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the vain be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power:
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod:
Thy providence, thy sacred book,
Shall make them know their God.

5 Bless'd is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94. 2d *Part.* C. M.

Verse 16—23.

God our Support and Comfort; or Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cry'd,
Thy promise bore me up;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
And rais'd my sinking hope.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. C. M.

A Psalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him,

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand.
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95. S. M.

A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race.

6 The Lord in vengeance dress'd,
Will lift his hand, and swear,
"You that despis'd my promis'd rest,
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 95. v. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. L. M.

Canaan lost through Unbelief; or, a warning to delaying sinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King—rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd—we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey,
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove,
"Forget my power, abuse my love;
"Since they despise my rest, I swear,
"Their feet shall never enter there."

6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd rest—
Obey, and be for ever bless'd.]

PSALM 96. *v.* 2—10, &c. C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen,
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 His voice shall raise the slumbering dead,
And bid the world draw near;
But how will guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

HYMN 96. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name—
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wondering nations read thy word.
But here Jehovah's name is known—
Nor shall our worship e'er be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made—
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there—
His beams are majesty and light,
His beauties, how divinely bright?
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name—
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. v. 1—5. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains!
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day—
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97. v. 6–9. 2*d Part.* L. M.

Christ's Incarnation.

1 THE Lord is come! the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM 97. 3d Part. L. M.

Grace and Glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O, ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97. v. 3, 5-7, 11. C. M.

Christ's incarnation and the last judgment.

1 LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns—
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise,
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim,
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known:
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire:
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98. 1st Part. C. M.

Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honors be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.

2 To Abra'm first he spoke the word,
And taught his numerous race;
The Gentiles own him sovereign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honour of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM 98. 2d Part. C. M.

The Messiah's coming and Kingdom.

1 JOY to the world—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. 1st Part. S. M.

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99. 2d Part. S. M.

A Holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. 1st *Metre.* Plain transl'n.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give—
We are his work and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure—
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. 2d *Metre* A paraphrase.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy—
Know that the Lord is God alone—
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love.
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101. L. M.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song,
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs, and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life:
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust.
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies—
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.

7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppress'd.

PSALM 101. C. M.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll banish from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy:
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Verse 1—13, 20, 21.

A Prayer of the Afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag, like withering grass,
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.

6 Dark, dismal thoughts and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as evening's shadows are
That vanish into night.

10 But thou forever art the same,
Oh my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And, by mysterious ways,
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102. v. 13–21. 2d Part. C.M.

Prayer heard and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt her power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And, when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, "that praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record:
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. v. 23—28. L.M.

Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity; or, Saints die, but Christ and the church live.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race:
Disease and death at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage—
"Our Father and our Saviour live—
"Christ is the same thro' every age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid,
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside:
But still thy throne stands firm and high—
Thy church forever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign:
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103. v. 1—7. 1st Part. L.M.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes, which thou hast done!
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels.

Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years.
He fills our store with every good,
And feeds our souls with heavenly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and the oppress'd,
And often gives the sufferers rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands,
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son]

8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace,
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

PSALM 103. *2d Part.* L. M.

God's gentle Chastisement, or his tender mercy to his people.

1 THE Lord, how wonderous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He rules his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

3 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slow his awful wrath to rise;
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn.

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines,
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And, while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise
With gentle hands and melting eyes,
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies—
Like grass we spring and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. v. 1–7. *1st Part.* S. M.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

1 O BLESS the Lord my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness;
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress'd.

6 His wonderous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. v. 8–18, *2d Part.* S. M.

Abounding compassion of God; or, mercy in the midst of Judgment.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. *v.* 19–22. *3d Part.* S. M.

God's universal dominion, or angels praise the Lord.

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches, when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wonderous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom, shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104.

The glory of God in Creation and Providence.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

NOTE.—*This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old* 112*th or* 127*th psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, viz.*
Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name!
Otherwise it must be sung as the 100*th psalm.*

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires:
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Refreshing streams, by secret veins,
Break from the hills and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE THE FIRST

9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for men, of various power
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a pleasing juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.

12 His bounteous hands our table spread;
He fills our cheerful stores with bread;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! How great thy skill!
While every land thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wonderous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
The huge leviathan resides,
And, fearless, sports amid the tides.

PAUSE THE THIRD.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men:
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight;
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ
Till it expires in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105. Abridged. C. M.

God's conduct to Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abra'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations bless'd,"
Said the Almighty voice,
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
"The type of heavenly joys."

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A small and feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd:

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
"Shall soon avenge the wrong!
"The man that does my prophets harm,
"Shall know their God is strong.

8 "Then let the world forbear its rage,
"Nor put the church in fear:
"Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,
"And be th' Almighty's care."]

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9 When Pharoah dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs, in baleful armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

12 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flower of Egypt died:
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride,

14 "Now let the world forbear its rage,
"Nor put the church in fear;
"Israel must live thro' every age,
"And be th' Almighty's care."

PAUSE THE SECOND.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground;
Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,
Nor was one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And, following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

18 O wonderous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!

So Christ our rock maintains our life
And aids our wandering race.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 "Then let the world forbear its rage,
"The church renounce her fear;
"Israel must live thro' every age,
"And be th' Almighty's care."

PSALM 106. v. 1—5. L. M.

Praise to God; or, Communion with Saints.

1 TO God, the great, the ever bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways!
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. S. M.

Verse 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48.

Israel Punished and Pardoned; or God's Unchangeable love.

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways,
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans:
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes,
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race:
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM 107. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeem'd of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record!
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's own arm their fetters broke,
And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wandering round,
A wild and solitary ground!

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their wandering march around,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. 2*d Part.* L. M.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God who rules the skies,
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord—

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found:
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wonderous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. *3d Part.* L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, a psalm for the Glutton and Drunkard.

1 VAIN man on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment,
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loaths to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighten'd sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wonderous goodness of the Lord;
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107. *4th Part.* L. M.

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck; or, the Seaman's song.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With the bold mariner survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind;
Till God command and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel.

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost, to all hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wonderous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM 107. C. M.

The Mariner's Psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boisterous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering ways!
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries—
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd—
Now to their eyes the port appears—
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land—
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wonderous ways,
Thy wonderous love record.

PSALM 107. *Last Part.* L. M.

Colonies planted; or nations blessed and punished.

1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,

He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want—
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are bless'd—but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in.
A savage crew invade their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn—
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet, if the humble nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns—
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record
These wonderous dealings of the Lord?
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 108. C. M.

A Song of Praise.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing!
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above,
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM 109. v. 1—5, 31. C. M.

Love to enemies, from the example of Christ.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When, in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false, and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on the cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. 1*st Part.* L. M.

Christ exalted and Multitudes converted; or, the Success of the Gospel.

1 THUS God th' eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall show thy power is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed Power! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue,
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110. 2*d Part.* L. M.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore,
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron, and all his sons must die,
"But everlasting life is thine,
"To save forever those that fly
"For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By me Melchisedec was made
"On earth a king and priest at once,
"And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
"And thou my King, shalt rule my sons."

4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne—
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honor and success.

5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel.
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,

The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110. C. M.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron's is no more.

4 "Melchisedec, that wonderous priest,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man, whom Abra'm bless'd,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. 1*st Part.* C. M.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill!
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

PSALM 111. 2*d Part.* C. M.

The Perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord! his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin:
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM 112. As 113th Psalm.

The blessings of the liberal man.

1 THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law—
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends—
A gen'rous pity fills his mind,
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd.
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground—
His conscience holds his courage up.
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees, in darkness, beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God, relies,
Tho' waves and tempests roar around—
Safe on a rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd.
They and their envy, pride, and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

PSALM 112. L. M.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word:
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God, with all his power, is there.

4 His spirit, fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners rage in vain.

PSALM 112. C. M.

Liberality Rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor, without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds:
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things:
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And seats them on the thrones of kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessings of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys;
Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM 113. L. M.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
His throne of glory stands on high;
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do:
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice;
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done;
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM 114. L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharoah's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current, to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs, the little hillocks leap!
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide,
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the dread that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel—see him here—
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns:
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM 115. L. M.

The true God our refuge; or Idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Display to earth thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, 'Where's the God you've serv'd so long?'

3 The God we serve maintains his throne,
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save, when mortals pray;
Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence in the grave,
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115.

As the new tune of the 50th Psalm.

Idolatry reproved.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sovereign name;
Shine thro' the earth from heaven, thy bless'd abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "Where is your God?"

2 Heaven is thine higher court—there stands thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done.
God fram'd this earth, the starry heavens he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made,
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love.
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their lifeless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold,
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock;
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5 Be heaven and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they.
O Israel, trust the Lord—he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace;
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thine heavenly shield.

6 In God we trust—our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise:
But we are sav'd, and live—let songs arise,
And Zion bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM 116. 1st *Part.* C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan:
Long as I live when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I lov'd the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cry'd, "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;

"Thy power can rescue from grave,
"Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove:
Return my soul to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. v. 12, &c. *2d Part.* C. M.

Thanks for private deliverance.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record:
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117. C. M.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue!
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns thro' every land:
Proclaim his grace abroad:
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

PSALM 117. S. M.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM 118. v. 6—15. *1st Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

4 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly;
So burning thorns, with crack'ling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

5 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. *v.* 17–21. *2d Part.* C.M.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live; (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22, 23. *3d Part.* C M.

Christ the foundation of the Church

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation Stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Firm on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wonderous in our eyes.

PSALM 118. *v.* 24–26. *4th Part.* C. M.

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bless'd is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22—27. S. M.

An Hosanna for the Lord's day; or, a new Song of Salvation by Christ.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wonderous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 118. v. 22—27. L. M.

Another of the same.

1 LO, what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM 119.

[I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a *Divine Song* upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connexion.

In some places, among the words *laws, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, truth, grace, promises, &c.* as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the *Psalmist*, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.]

PSALM 119. 1*st Part.* C. M.

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners. Verse 1, 2, 3.

1 BLESS'D are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;

With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Verse 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide;
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Verse 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

Verse, 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurs'd;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Verse 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are:
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119. *2d Part.* C. M.

Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness; or, constant converse with God.

Verse 147, 55.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Verse 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays
Thy word supports my hope.

Verse 164.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Verse 62.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119. *3d Part.* C. M.

Profession of sincerity, repentance, and obedience

Verse 57, 60.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Verse 30, 14.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Verse 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Verse 94, 112.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord,
Thou art my shield, my hiding place;
My hope is in thy word.

Verse 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119. *4th Part.* C. M.

Instruction from scripture.

Verse 9.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin,
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Verse 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Verse 105.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Verse 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Verse 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinners road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Verse 89, 90, 91,

6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place,
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

6 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;

Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Verse 190, 140, 9, 119.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 119. *5th Part.* C. M.

Delight in scripture; or, the word of God dwelling in us.

Verse 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Verse 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Verse 3, 13, 54.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue;
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

Verse 19, 103.

4 Am I stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

Verse 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Verse 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. *6th Part.* C. M.

Holiness and comfort from the word.

Verse 128.

1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flatt'ring lust.

Verse 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight
Thro' all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Verse 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts, in holy wonder, rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Verse 162.

And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. *7th Part.* C. M.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

Verse 96, paraphrased.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look.

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119. *8th Part.* C. M.

The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

Verse 111. Paraphrased.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows bless'd;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. 9*th Part.* C. M.

Desire of Knowledge.

Verse 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Verse 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties I must do.

Verse 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Thy path, O do not hide;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Verse 26.

4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Verse 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Verse 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief:
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Verse 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Verse 27, 171,

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall sing aloud his praise.]

PSALM 119. 10*th Part.* C. M

Pleading the promises.

Verse 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Verse 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Verse 123, 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Verse 49, 74.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119. 11*th Part.* C. M.

Breathing after holiness.

Verse 5, 33.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Verse 29.

2 O send thy spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Verse 37, 36.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Verse 133.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Verse 176.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Verse 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. 12*th Part.* C. M.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Verse 153.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I ne'er forget thy laws.

Verse 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Verse 122, 135.
3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Verse 81.
4 My eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And bid my comforts rise?"

Verse 132.
5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same;
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. 13*th Part.* C. M.

Holy fear and tenderness of conscience.

Verse 10
1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Verse 11.
2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Verse 63, 53, 158.
3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Verse 161, 163.
4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Verse 161, 120.
5 My heart, with sacred rev'rence, hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling, fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Verse 166, 174.
6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. 14*th Part.* C. M

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Verse 153, 81, 82.
1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Verse 71.
2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Verse 50.
3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Verse 92.
4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Verse 75.
5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Verse 67.
6 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. 15*th Part.* C. M.

Holy Resolutions.

Verse 93.
1 O THAT thy statutes every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,
And daily peace I find.

Verse 15, 16.
2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ:
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

Verse 32.
3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Verse 13, 46.
4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Verse 61, 69, 70.
5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Verse 115.
6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119. 16*th Part.* C. M.

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

Verse 25, 37.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Verse 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Verse 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

Verse 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

Verse 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. 17*th Part.* L. M.

Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Verse 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word;
My soul dissolves for heaviness:
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Verse 51, 69, 110.

The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
They tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Verse 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws!
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119. *Last Part.* L. M.

Sanctified afflictions; or, delight in the word of God.

Verse 67, 50.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Verse 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Verse 72.

4 The law, that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or richest hills of golden ore.

Verse 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wonderous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Verse 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice:
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120. C. M.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours; or, a devout wish for peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever bless'd,
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! My days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.

3 Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. L. M.

Divine protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood:
The heavens, with all their host, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes;
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Darts his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go and still return;
Safe in the Lord! his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM 121. C. M.

Preservation by day and night,

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord, that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall.
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121. As the 148th Psalm.

God our preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly:
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my son,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. C. M.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants bless'd!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

PSALM 122. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

1 HOW pleas'd and bless'd was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wonderous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there.
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

[*Repeat the 4th stanza to complete the tune.*]

PSALM 123. C. M.

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU, whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their masters hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;

3 So, for our sins, we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those, that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
An thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. C. M.

God gives victory.

1 HAD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,
Display'd his vengeance from above,
And crush'd the conquering foes;

2 Their armies like a raging flood,
Had swept the guardless land,
Destroy'd on earth his bless'd abode,
And 'whelm'd our feeble band.

3 But safe, beneath his apreading shield,
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field,
And bare the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the heavens above;
He that supports their wonderous frame,
Can guard his church by love.

PSALM 125. C. M.

The saint's trial and safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion will assuage
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we tread those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM 125. S. M.

The Saint's Trial and Safety; or, moderate Afflictions.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God:
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3 What, tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint,

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. L. M.

Surprising deliverance.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.

2 The sc. ffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we, with pleasure, shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He make our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126. C. M.

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, Melancholy removed.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine"

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the blessings home.

6 Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127. L. M.

The Blessing of God on the Business and Comforts of Life.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What, tho' we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread:

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bless'd;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
On God, our Sovereign, still depends
Our joy, in children, and in friends.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love.

PSALM 127. C. M.

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And, towns without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain till God has bless'd:
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM 128. C. M.

Family blessings.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour, shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come:
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. C. M.

Persecutors Punished.

1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserved my life.

3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds impress'd;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky:
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.

7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn, that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.]

PSALM 130. C. M.

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries, to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God should thy serverer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM 130. L. M.

Pardoning grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais d my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And look and wish for breaking day;
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

6 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131. C. M.

Humility and Submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see?
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will
And peaceful as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. v. 5, 13—18. L. M.

At the settlement of a church; or, the ordination of a minister.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God?
A dwelling for the eternal mind;
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob choose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence bless'd.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
"And reign forever," saith the Lord,
"Here shall my power and love be known,
"And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread;
"Sinners that wait before my door,
"With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace,
"My priests, my ministers, shall shine;
"Not Aaron in his costly dress,
"Appears so glorious and divine.

6 "The saints unable to contain
"Their inward joys, shall shout and sing:
"The Son of David here shall reign,
"And Zion triumph in her King.

7 ["Jesus shall see a numerous seed
"Born here to uphold his glorious name;
"His crown shall flourish on his head,
"While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."

PSALM 132. C. M.

Verse 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.

A church established.

[1 NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
And there th' assembled nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 We trace no more those toilsome ways,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy people meet for praise,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133. C. M.

Brotherly love.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss, from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133. S. M.

Communion of saints; or, love and worship in a Family.

1 BLESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;

Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run.

2 Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

4 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are bless'd above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM 133. As the 122d Psalm.

The blessings of friendship.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move;
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil thro' all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes and bless'd his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

[*Repeat the 1st stanza to complete the tune*]

PSALM 134. C. M.

Daily and nightly devotions

1 YE, that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wonderous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God, that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135. 1st *Part.* L. M.

Verse 1—4, 14, 19—21.

The Church is God's house and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he choose of old and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest.
And will be known th' Almighty God.

4 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priest exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. v. 5–12. 2d *Part.* L. M.

The works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempests from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land;
When all thy first born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence the apostate angels fell.

PSALM 135. C. M.

Praise due to God, and not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4 All power, that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM 136. C. M.

God's wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord:
"His mercies still endure,"
And be the King of kings ador'd,
"His truth is ever sure."

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
"How mighty is his hand!"
Heaven, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone,
"How wide is his command!"

3 The sun supplies the day with light;
"How bright his counsels shine!"
The moon and stars adorn the night;
"His works are all divine!

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead:
"How dreadful is his rod!"
And thence with joy his people led:
"How gracious is our God!"

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
"His arm is great in might:"
He gave the tribes a passage through;
"His power and grace unite."

6 But Pharoah's army there he drowned;
"How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints thro' desert ground
"Eternal be his praise."

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
"Victorious is his sword;"
While Israel took the promis'd land;
"And faithful is his word."]

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
"He felt his pity move:"
How sad the state the world was in!
"How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our wo;
"His goodness never fails;
From death and hell, and every foe;
"And still his grace prevails."

10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
"His mercies still endure;"
Let the whole earth his praises sing,
"His truth is ever sure."

PSALM 136. As the 148th Psalm.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings:
And be his grace ador'd.
"His power and grace
"Are still the same;
"And let his name
"Have endless praise."

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
"Thy mercy, Lord,
"Shall still endure;
"And ever sure
"Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light:
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
"His power and grace
"Are still the same;
"And let his name
"Have endless praise."

4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
"Thy mercy, Lord,
"Shall still endure;
"And ever sure
"Abides thy word."

5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wonderous passage through.
"His power and grace
"Are still the same;
"And let his name
"Have endless praise."

6 But cruel Pharoah there,
With all his host, he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe
Thro' a long desert ground.
"Thy mercy, Lord,
"Shall still endure;

" And ever sure
" Abides thy word."]

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
" His power and grace
" Are still the same;
" And let his name
" Have endless praise."

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall still endure;
" And ever sure
" Abides thy word."

9 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
" His power and grace
" Are still the same:
" And let his name
" Have endless praise."

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth,
His works and glories sing.
" Thy mercy, Lord,
" Shall still endure;
" And ever sure
" Abides thy word."

PSALM 136. *Abridged.* L. M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When lords and kings are known no more."

3 He built the earth he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When suns and moons shall shine no more."

5 The Jews he freed from Pharoah's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity move within;
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When death and sin shall reign no more."

7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
" Wonders of grace to God belong,
" Repeat his mercies in your song."

8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
" His mercies ever shall endure,
" When this vain world shall be no more?"

PSALM 137.

Babylonian captivity.

1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While Zion's fall in sad rememb'rance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the wo,
With taunting smiles, a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
His arm aveuge her desolated walls,
And raise his children to eternal day.

PSALM 138. L. M.

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

2 [Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotions there;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and, mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes:
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great:

But from his throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust his grace.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. 1st *Part.* L. M.

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin for God is there."

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing moon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM 139. 2d *Part.* L. M.

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And, in some unknown moment, join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man;
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since, in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace:

8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And, at my waking hour, I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139. 3d *Part.* L. M.

Sincerity professed, and grace tried; or the heart-searching God.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!

I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count for enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought,
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me of thy perfect way.

PSALM 139. 1st *Part.* C. M.

God is every where.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And e'er my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wonderous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclos'd on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice should break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139. 2d *Part.* C. M.

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

1 WHEN I, with pleasing wonder, stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 'tis thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye, with nicest care, survey'd
The growth of every part,
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wonderous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise:
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139. *v.*14,17,18. 3d *Part.* C.M.

The mercies of God innumerable.

AN EVENING PSALM.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh, with fear and wonder stands
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 140. C. M.

1 PROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm;
Behold our rising woes;
We trust alone, thy powerful arm,
To scatter all our foes.

2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
Their thoughts are full of guile;
While rage and carnage swell their heart,
They wear a peaceful smile.

3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
When foes without invade,
Or spread within a deeper snare,
Supplies our constant aid.

4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
Thy heavenly truth extend,
All nations taste thy heavenly grace,
And all delusions end.

5 With daily bread the poor supply,
The cause of justice plead;
And be thy church exalted high,
With Christ, the glorious head.

PSALM 141. v. 2—5. L. M.

Watchfulness and brotherly love.

A MORNING OR EVENING PSALM.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word,
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142. C. M.

God is the hope of the helpless.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints, before his throne,
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Beholds the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by,
Neglected, or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry.
And call'd thy mercy near;
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an Almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. L. M.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne;
O make thy truth and mercy known!

2 Let judgment not against me pass:
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace!
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness, and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts, in musing silence, trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God forever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave,
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distracting fears;
Oh! might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd powers rejoice!

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
The path in which my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, and sin, my foes before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. v. 1, 2. 1st *Part.* C. M

Assistance and victory in the Spiritual warfare

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield:

He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care:
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. *v.* 3–6. *2d Part.* C. M.

The vanity of Man, and condescension of God.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust!

2 Oh what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
What terrors wait his awful frown!
How wonderous is his love!

PSALM 144. v. 12–15. L. M.

Grace above riches; or the happy nation.

1 HAPPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the land, in culture dress'd,
Whose flocks and corn have large increase;
Where men securely work or rest,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation, thus endow'd,
But more divinely bless'd are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

PSALM 145. L. M.

The Greatness of God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wonderous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM 145. *1st Part.* C. M.

Verse 1—7, 11—13.

The greatness of God.

1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds, of ancient date,
Shall thro' the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is managed by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145. v. 7, &c. *2d Part.* C. M.

The goodness of God.

1 SWEFT is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heaven'ly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meet,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves!

But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145. *3d Part.* C. M.

Verse 14, 17, &c.

Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]

7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad,
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

PSALM 146. L. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why shou'd I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor:
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord to sight restores the blind:
The Lord supports the sinking mind:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 147. As 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God—he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. *1st Part.* L. M.

The divine nature, providence and grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise,
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names
His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force?
The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

PSALM 147. 2d *Part.* L. M.

Summer and Winter.

1 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad
For sweet the joy, our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and bless'd;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains;
His flakes of snow, like wool, he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with dreadful sound:
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wint'ry cold.

5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.

6 Thro' all our states his laws are shown:
His gospel thro' the nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. C. M.

Verse 7—9, 13—18.

The Seasons of the year.

WITH songs and honours, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry:
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year:
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground:
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,

And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame,
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wonderous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And, stormy winds, that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear,
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King
And, while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM 148. Paraphrased. L. M.

Universal praise to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word [dwell
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

[NOTE. *This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old* 112*th or* 127*th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, viz.*

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er complete the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of Long Metre.]

2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns,
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams compared to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame,
In sounds of dreadful praise, declare;
Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Ye valleys sink before his eye;
And let his praise from every hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Ye birds, his praise must be your theme,
Who form'd to song your tuneful voice:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
In his protecting care rejoice.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue
When nature all around you sings?

O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord,
From all below, and all above,
Sing hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM 148. S. M.

Universal Praise.

1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God:
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wonderous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree, to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be express'd!
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky,
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

elions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye reptile myriads, join
T' exalt his glorious name,
And flies, in beauteous forms that shine,
His wonderous skill proclaim.

12 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be express'd,
But saints, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13 Monarchs, of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and with'ring age;
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wonderous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bless'd,
But saints, that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149. C. M.

Praise God, all his Saints; or, the Saints judging the World.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And, like the souls in glory, sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance the Lord.

6 When Christ, his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dared rebel;

And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. *v.* 1, 2, 6. C. M.

A Song of Praise.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise.
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work, of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bless'd;
Yet, when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new creating breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The one in three, and three in one,
Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints, that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113*th Psalm.*

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near his throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

As the 148*th Psalm.*

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

END OF THE PSALMS.

AN INDEX,

TO FIND A PSALM SUITED TO PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OR OCCASIONS.

If you find not the word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same signification, or seek it under some of the more general words, such as *God*, *Christ*, *Church*, *Saint*, *Psalm*, *Prayer*, *Praise*, *Affliction*, *Grace*, *Deliverance*, *Death*, *&c.*

ADAM, the first and second, their dominion, 8.
Afflicted, Pity to them 35, 41. Supported 55, 145, 146. Their prayer 102, 143. Saints happy 73, 94, 119, 14th part.
Afflictions, Hope in them 13, 42, 77, Support and profit 119, 14th part. Instruction by them 94, 119, 18th part Sanctified 94, 119, 18th part. Courage in them 119, 17th part. Removed by prayer 34, 107 Submission to them 39, 123, 131. In mind and body 143. Trying our graces 66, 119, 17th part. Without rejection 89. Of saints and sinners different 94. Gentle 103. Moderated 125. Very great 77, 102, 143.
Aged saint's reflection and hope 71.
All seeing God 139.
Angels, Guardian 34, 91. All subject to Christ 89, 97. Praise the Lord 103. Present in churches 138.
Appeal to God against persecutors 7. Concerning our sincerity 139. Humility 131.
Ascension of Christ 24, 47, 68, 110.
Assistance from God 138, 144.
Atheism, practical 12, 14, 36. Punished 10.
Attributes of God 36, 111, 145, 147.
Authority from God 75, 82.

BACKSLIDING, soul in distress and desertion 25. Restored 51. Pardoned 78, 130.
Blessing of God on the business and comforts of life 127.
Blessings, of a family 128, 133. Of a nation 144, 147. Of the country 65, 147. Of a person 1, 32, 112.
Blood of Christ cleansing from sin, 51. 69.
Book of nature and scripture 19, 119, 4th part
Brotherly love 133. Reproof 141.
Business of life blessed 127.

CARE of God over his saints 34.
Charity to the poor 37, 41, 112. And justice 15, 112. Mixed with imprecations 35.
Children praising God 8 Made blessings 127 128. Instructed 34, 78.
Christ the second Adam 8, His all sufficiency 16. His ascension 24, 68, 110. The church's foundation 118. His coming, the signs of it 12. His condescension and glorification 8. Covenant made with him 89. First and second coming 96, 97, 98. The true David 35, 89. His death and resurrection 16, 22, 69. The eternal Creator 102. Exalted to the kingdom 2, 8, 21, 72, 110. Our example 109. Faith in his blood 51. God and man 89. His Godhead 102. Our hope 4. 51. His incarnation and sacrifice 40. The King and the church his spouse 45. His kingdom among Gentiles 72, 87, 132. His love to enemies 35, 109. His Majesty 97, 99. His mediatorial kingdom 89, 110. His obedience and death 69. His personal glories and government 45. Praised by children 8. Priest and King 110. His resurrection and the Lord's day 118. Our strength and righteousness 71. His sufferings and kingdom 2, 22, 69. His sufferings for our salvation 69. His zeal and reproaches 69.
Christians' qualifications 15, 24. Church made of Jews and Gentiles 87.
Church, its beauty 44, 48, 122. The birth place of saints 87. Built on Jesus Christ 118. Delight and safety in it 27. Destruction of enemies proceeds from thence 76 Gathered and settled 132. Of the Gentiles 45, 47. God fights for her 10, 20, 46. God's presence there 84, 132. God's garden 92. Going to it 122. The house and care of God 135. Of the Jews and Gentiles 87. Its increase 67. Prayer in distress 80. Restored by prayer 85, 102, 107. Is the safety and honor of a nation 48. The spouse of Christ 45. Its worship and order 48. God's special delight 87, 132.
Colonies planted 107.
Comfort, holiness and pardon 4, 32, 119, 11th and 12th parts. And support in God 16, 94. From ancient providences 77, 143 Of life blessed 127. And pardon 130.
Company of saints 16, 109.
Complaint of absence from public worship 42. Of sickness 6. Desertion 13. Pride, atheism, oppression, &c. 10, 12. Of temptation 13. General 102. Of quarrelsome neighbors 120. Of heavy afflictions in mind and body 143.
Compassion of God 103, 145, 147.
Communion with saints 106, 133.
Confession of our poverty 16. Of sin, repentance, and pardon 32, 38, 51, 130, 143.
Conscience, tender 119, 13th part. Its guilt relieved 32, 38, 51. 130.
Contention complained of 120.
Converse with God 63, 119, 2d part.
Conversion and joy 126. At the ascension of Christ 110. Of Jews and Gentiles 87, 96, 106.
Corruption of manners general 11, 12.

Counsel and support from God 16, 119.
Courage in death 16, 17, 71. In persecution 119, 17th part.
Covenant made with Christ 89. Of grace unchangeable 89, 106.
Creation and providence 33, 104, 135, 136, 147 148.
Creatures no trust in them 33, 62, 146 Vain and God all-sufficient 33. Praising God 148.

DAILY devotion 55, 139.
Day of humiliation for disappointments in war 60.
Death and resurrection of Christ 16, 69. Of saints and sinners 17, 37, 49. And sufferings of Christ 22. 69. Deliverance from it 31. And pride 49 And the resurrection 49, 71, 89 Courage in it 16, 17, 23. The effect of sin 90.
Defence in God 3, 121. And salvation in God 18, 61.
Delaying sinners warned 95.
Delight and safety in the church 27, 48, 84. In the law of God 119, 5th, 8th, and 18th parts. In God, 18, 42, 63, 73, 84.
Deliverance begun and perfected 85. From despair 18. From deep distress 34, 40 From death 31, 118. From oppression and falsehood 56. From persecution 53, 94. By prayer 15, 34, 40, 126. From shipwreck 107. From slander 31. Surprising 126.
Desertion and distress of soul 13, 25, 38, 143.
Desire of knowledge, 119, 9th part. Of holiness 119, 11th part. Of comfort and deliverance 119, 12th part. Of quickening grace 119, 16th part.
Desolations, the church's safety in them 46.
Despair and hope in death 17, 49. Deliverance from it 18, 130.
Devotion, daily 55, 134, 141. On a sick bed 6, 39.
Direction and pardon 25. And defence prayed for 5 And hope 42.
Distress of soul 25. Relieved 61, 130.
Dominion of man over creatures 8.
Doubts and fears suppressed 3, 31, 143.
Drunkard and glutton 107
Duty to God and man 15, 24.
Dwelling with God, see *Heaven*, *Church*, &c.

EDUCATION, religious 34, 78.
Egypt's plagues 105.
End of the righteous and wicked 1, 37.
Enemies overcome 18. Prayed for 35, 109. Destroyed 12, 48, 76.
Envy and unbelief cured 37, 49.
Equity and wisdom of Providence 9.
Evening psalm 4, 139, 141.
Evidences of grace 26. Of sincerity 18, 19, 139.
Evil times 12. Neighbors 120. Magistrates 11, 58, 82.
Exaltation of Christ to the kingdom 2, 21, 22, 69, 72, 110.
Examination 26, 139.
Exhortation to peace and holiness 34.

FAITH and prayer of persecuted saints 35. In the blood of Christ 32, 51. In divine grace and power 62, 130.
Faithfulness of God 89, 105, 111, 145, 146. Of man 15, 141
Falsehood, blasphemy, &c. 12. And oppression 12, 56
Family government 101. Love and worship 133 Blessings 128.
Fears and doubts suppressed 3, 31 34. In the worship of God 89, 99. Of God 119, 13th part.
Flattery and deceit complained of 12, 56.
Formal worship 50.
Frailty of man 89, 90, 144.
Fretfulness discouraged 37.
Friendship, its blessings 133.
Funeral psalm 89, 90.

GENTILES given to Christ 2, 22, 72. Church 45, 65 72, 87. Owning the true God 47, 96, 98.
Glorification of Christ 8, 45.
Glory of God in our salvation 69. And grace promised 84, 89, 97.
Glutton 78. And drunkard 107.
God all in all 127. All sufficient 16, 33. His being, attributes, and providence 36. 65, 147. His care of saints 7, 34. His creation and providence 33, 104, &c. Our defence and salvation 3, 33, 61, 115. Eternal, and sovereign, and holy 93. Eternal, and man mortal 90, 102. Faithfulness 89, 105, 111. Glorified, and sinners saved 69. Goodness and mercy 103, 145. Goodness and truth 145, 146. Governing power and goodness 66. Great and good 68, 144, 145, 147. The Judge 9, 50. 97 Kind to his people 145, 146. His majesty 97 And condescension 113, 114. Mercy and truth 36, 89, 103, 136, 145 Made man 8. Of nature and grace 65. His perfections 36, 111, 145, 147. Our portion, and Christ our hope 4. Our portion here and hereafter 73 His power and majesty 68, 89, 93, 96. Praised by children 8. Our Preserver 121, 138. Present in his churches 46, 84. Our Shepherd 23, His sovereignty and goodness to man 8, 113, 114. Our support and comfort 94. Supreme Governor 75, 82, 93. His vengeance and compassion 68, 97. Unchangeable 89, 111. His universal dominion 103. His wisdom in his works 111, 139. Worthy of all praise 145, 146, 150.
Good works 15, 24, 112 Profit men, not God 16.
Goodness of God 8, 103, 111, 145, 146.
Gospel, its glory and success 19, 45, 110. Joyful sound 89, 98. Worship and order 48.
Government of Christ 45. From God 75.
Grace, its evidences, or self-examination 26, 139. Above riches 144. Without merit 16, 32. Of Christ 45, 72. And providence 33, 36, 135, 136, 147. Preserving and restoring 138. Truth and protection 57. Tried by affliction 17, 66, 125. And glory 84, 97. Pardoning 130.
Guilt of conscience relieved 32, 38, 51, 130.

HARVEST 65, 126, 147.
Health, sickness, and recovery 6, 30, 31. Prayed for 6, 38, 39.
Heart known to God 139.
Hearing of prayer and salvation 4, 10, 66, 102.
Heaven of separate souls 17. The saint's dwelling-place 24.

Holiness, pardon, and comfort 4. Desired 119, 11th part.
Hope in darkness 13, 77, 143. Of resurrection 16, 71. And despair in death 17, 49. And prayer 27. For victory 20. And direction 42.
Hosanna of the children 8. For Lord's day 118.
Humiliation day 10, 60.
Humility and submission 131, 139.
Hypocrites and hypocrisy 12, 50.

IDOLATRY reproved 115, 135.
Imprecations and charity 35.
Incarnation 96, 97, 98. And sacrifice of Christ 40.
Infants 139. See *Children*.
Instruction from God 25. From Scripture 119, 4th and 7th parts. In piety 34.
Instructive afflictions 94.
Intemperance punished 78. And pardoned 107.
Israel saved from the *Assyrians* 76. Saved from *Egypt*, and brought to *Canaan* 77, 105, 107, 135, 136. Rebellion and punishment 78. Punished and pardoned 106, 107. Travels in the wilderness 107, 114.

JEHOVAH 68, 83. Reigns 93, 96, 97.
Jews, see *Israel*.
Joy of conversion 126.
Judgment and mercy 9, 68. Day 1, 50, 96, 97, 98, 149. Seat of God 9.
Justice of Providence 9. And truth towards men 15.
Justification, free 32, 130.

KNOWLEDGE desired 19, 119, 9th part.

LAW of God, delight in it 119.
Liberality rewarded 41, 112.
Life and riches, their vanity 49. Short and feeble 89, 90, 144.
Longing after God, 42, 63.
Lord's day psalm 29, 118. Morning 5, 19, 63.
Love to our neighbour 15. Of Christ to sinners 35. Of God better than life 63. Of God unchangeable 89, 106. To enemies 35, 109. Brotherly 133.
Luxury punished 78. And pardoned 107.

MAGISTRATES warned 58, 82. Qualifications 101. Raised and deposed 75.
Majesty of God 68. See *God*.
Man, his vanity as mortal 39, 89, 90, 144. Dominion over creatures 8. Mortal, and Christ eternal 102. Wonderful formation 139.
Marriage mystical 45.
Master of a family 101.
Melancholy reproved 42. And hope 77. Removed 126.
Mercies, common and special 68, 103. Spiritual and temporal 103. Innumerable 139. Everlasting 136. Recorded 107. And truth of God 36, 89, 103, 136, 145, 146.
Merit disclaimed 16.
Midnight thoughts 63, 119, 5th and 6th parts, 139.
Ministers ordained 132.
Miracles in the wilderness 114.
Morning psalm 3, 141. Of a sabbath 5, 19, 63.
Mortality of man 39, 49, 90. And hope 89. God's eternity 90, 102.

NATION'S safety is the church 48. Prosperity 67, 144. Blessed and punished 107.
National deliverance 67, 75, 76, 124, 126. Desolations, the church's safety and triumph in them 46
Nature of man 139.

OBEDIENCE sincere 18, 32, 139. Better than sacrifice 50
Old Age, death 90. And resurrection 17, 89.

PARDON, holiness and comfort 4. Of backsliding 78. And direction 25. And repentance prayed for 38 And confession 32. Of original and actual sin 51.
Patience under afflictions 39. Under persecutions 37, 44. In darkness 77, 130, 131.
Peace and holiness encouraged 34. With men desired 120.
Perfections of God 36, 111, 145, 147.
Persecuted saints 35, 44, 74, 80, 83.
Persecution, deliverance from it 7, 53, 94. Courage in it 119, 17th part.
Persecutors punished 7, 129, 149. Their folly 14. Complained of 35, 44, 74, 80, 83. Deliverance from them 9, 10, 94.
Perseverance 138. In trials 119, 17th part.
Pestilence, preservation in it 91.
Piety, instructions therein 34.
Pity to the afflicted 41. See *Charity*, *God*.
Pleading without repining 39. 123. The promises 119. 10th part.
Poor, charity to them 15, 37, 41, 112.
Portion of saints and sinners 11, 17, 37.
Poverty confessed 16.
Practical atheism 14, 36.
Praise to God from children 8. For creation and providence 33, 104. To our Creator 100. From all creatures 148. For eminent deliverances 34, 118. General 86, 145, 150. For the gospel 98. For health restored 30, 116. For hearing prayer 6, 102. To Jesus Christ 45. From all nations 117. And prayer, public 65. For protection, grace and truth 57. For providence and grace 36. For rain 65, 147. From the saints 149, 150. For temporal blessings 68, 148.
Prayer heard 4, 34, 65, 66. In time of war 20. Praise public 65. And hope 27. In the church's distress 80. Heard and Zion restored 102. And praise for deliverance 34.
Preserving grace 138.
Preservation in public dangers 46. 91, 112. Daily 121.
Pride and atheism, and oppression punished 10, 12. And death 49.
Priesthood of Christ 51, 110.
Princes vain 62, 146.
Profession of sincerity and repentance, &c. 119, 3d part, 139. False 50.
Promises and threatenings 81. Pleaded 119 .10th part.
Prosperity dangerous 55, 73.
Prosperous sinners cursed 37, 49, 73.

Protection, truth, and grace 57. By day and night 121.
Providence, its wisdom and equity 9 And creation 33, 135, 136. And grace 36, 147. And perfection of God 36. Its mystery unfolded 73 Recorded 77, 78, 107. In air, earth and sea 56, 65, 89, 104, 107, 147.
Psalm for soldiers 18, 60. For old age 71 For husbandmen 65. For a funeral 89, 90. For the Lord's day 92. Before prayer 95. Before sermon 95. For magistrates 101 For householders 101. For mariners 107. For gluttons and drunkards 107
Public praise for private mercies 116, 118 For deliverance 124. Worship attended on 122. Prayer and praise 65, 84.
Punishment of sinners 1, 11, 37.

QUALIFICATIONS of a christian 15, 24.
Quickening grace 119, 16th part

RAIN from heaven 65. 135, 147.
Recovery from sickness 6, 30, 116.
Relative duties 15, 133
Religion and justice 15. In words and deed 37.
Religious education 34, 78.
Remembrance of former deliverances 77, 143.
Repentance, confession and pardon 32. And faith in the blood of Christ 51.
Reproach removed 31, 37.
Resignation 39, 123. 131.
Resolutions, holy 119, 15th part.
Restoring grace 23, 138.
Resurrection and death of Christ 2, 16. Of the saints 16, 17, 49, 71 And death 49, 71, 89.
Reverence in worship 89, 99.
Riches, their vanity 49. Compared with grace 144.
Righteousness from Christ 71.

SACRIFICE 40, 51, 69. Incarnation of Christ 40
Safety in public dangers 91. In God 61 And delight in the church 27.
Saints happy and sinners cursed 1, 11, 119. 1st part. The best company 16. Characterised 15, 24. Dwell in heaven 15, 24. Punished and saved 78 106. God's care of them 34. Reward at last 50, 90, 92. Patience and world's hatred 37 Chastised and sinners destroyed 94. Die, but Christ lives 102. Punished and pardoned 106, 107 Conducted to heaven 106, 107. Afflictions moderated 125. Judging the world 149.
Salvation of saints 10. And triumph 18. And defence in God 62. By Christ 69, 85.
Sanctified afflictions 119, last part, 94.
Satan subdued 3, 6, 13.
Scripture compared with nature 19, 119, 7th part. Instruction from it 119, 4th part. Delight in it 119, 5th and 18th parts. Holiness and comfort from it 119, 6th part. Variety and excellency 119, 8th part.
Seasons of the year 65, 147.
Seaman's song 107.
Secret devotion 34, 119, 2d part.
Seeking God 27, 63.
Self-examination, or evidences of grace 26, 139
Separate souls, heaven of 17.
Sick bed devotion 6, 38, 39, 116.
Sickness healed 6, 30, 116.
Signs of Christ's coming 12, 96, &c.
Sin of nature 14. Original and actual confessed and pardoned 51. Universal 14.
Sincerity 19, 26, 32, 139. Proved and rewarded 18. Professed 119, 3d part.
Sins of the tongue 12, 34, 50.
Slander, deliverance from it 31, 120.
Souls in a separate state 17, 146, 150.
Spirit given at Christ's ascension 68. His teaching desired 51, 119, 9th part.
Spiritual enemies overcome 3, 18, 144. Blessings and punishment 81.
Spring of the year 65. And summer 65, 104. And winter 147.
Storm and thunder 29, 135. 148.
Strength, repentance, and pardon prayed for 38. Of grace 138.
Submission 123, 131. To Christ 2. To sickness 39.
Sufferings and death of Christ 22. And kingdom of Christ 2, 22, 69, 110.
Support and counsel from God 16 For the afflicted and tempted 55. And comfort in God 94, 119, 14th part.

TEMPTATIONS overcome 3, 18 In sickness 6.
Thanks, public, for private mercies 116, 118.
Threatenings and promises 81.
Thunder and storm 29, 135, 136, 148.
Times, evil 11, 12.
Tongue governed 34, 39.
Trust in the creatures vain 62, 146.

UNBELIEF and envy cured 37. Punished 95.
Unchangeable God, 89, 111.

VANITY of man as mortal 39, 89, 144. Of life and riches 49.
Vengeance and compassion 68. Against the enemies of the church 76, 149.
Vineyard of God wasted 80.
Vows paid to the church 116. Of holiness 119, 15th part.

WAR, prayer in time of it 20. Disappointments therein 60. Victory 18. Spiritual 18, 144.
Warnings of God to his people 81.
Watchfulness 19, 141. Over the tongue 39.
Weather 65, 107, 135, 147, 148.
Wickedness of man 14, 36. 51.
Winter and summer 147.
Wisdom and equity of Providence 9. Of God in his works 111.
Works of creation and Providence 104, 147, 148. And grace 19, 33, 111, 135, 136 Good works profit men, not God 16.
World's hatred and saints' patience 37.
Worship and order of the gospel 48. Delight in it 84 With reverence 89, 99. Daily 55, 134, 141. In a family 133. Public 63, 84, 122, 132. Absence from it 63.
Wrath and mercy from the judgment seat 9.

ZEAL and prudence 39.
Zion, its citizens 15.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

1. COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.
2. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
3. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c. *Rev.* v. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. Christiani,) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere.—*Plin. in Epist.*

CHARLESTON, S. C.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. RILEY, 125 CHURCH-STREET.

1827.

HYMNS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. C. M.

A new Song to the Lamb that was slain Rev. v. 6, 8, 9—12

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand, the sov'reign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!]

6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 2. L. M.

The Deity and Humanity of Christ. John i. 1, 3, 14; Col. i. 16; Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the Word,
With God he was; the word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own power all things were made,
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! How full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3. S. M.

The Nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c. ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wonderous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly,
"The promis'd Infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger lie."

6 "With looks and hearts serene,
"Go visit Christ your King;"
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:

7 "Glory to God on high!
"And heavenly peace on earth,
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth."

8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;

With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

9 "Glory to God on high!
"And heavenly peace on earth,
"Good will to men to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's Birth."

HYMN 4, *referred to the 2d Psalm.*

HYMN 5. C. M.

Submission to afflictive providences. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours, borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6. C. M.

Triumph over death. Job xix. 25—27.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes

3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear,
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh:

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thine unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 7. C. M.

The invitation of the Gospel; or spiritual food and clothing. Isa. lv. 1, &c.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The safety and protection of the church Isa. xxvi. 1—6.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN 9. C. M.

The promises of the covenant of grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2, Zec. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives, by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains;
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Tho' black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His spirit shall bedew our souls,
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love:

8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN 10. S. M.

The blessedness of gospel times; or the Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa v. 2, 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11. L. M.

The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled; or the sovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth and heavens, and seas.

2 "I thank thy sovereign pow'r and love,
"That crowns my doctrine with success;
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 "But all this glory lies conceal'd
"From men of prudence and of wit;
"The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
"And their own pride resists the light.

4 "Father, 'tis thus because thy will
"Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
"'Tis thy delight to abase the proud,
"And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,
"But those that learn it from the Son;
"Nor can the Son be well received
"But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account,
Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN 12. C. M.

Free Grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 "Father, I thank thy wonderous love,
"That hath reveal'd thy Son
"To men unlearned; and to babes
"Hast made thy gospel known.

3 "The myst'ries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wise,

"While pride and carnal reas'ning join
"To swell and blind their eyes."

4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil;
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sov'reign will.

HYMN 13. L. M

The Son of God incarnate; or, the Titles and the Kingdom of Christ. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE lands, that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heavenly light,
Nations, that sat in death's cold shade,
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear!
What shall his name or titles be?
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor!"

3 [This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulder shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN 14. L. M.

The triumph of faith; or, Christ's unchangeable Love. Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead:
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness!
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 15. L. M.

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength. 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day:"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasure mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes.

HYMN 16. C. M.

Hosanna to Christ. Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
Hosannas of the highest strain,
To Christ, the Lord, be given.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 17. C. M.

Victory over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave?
"And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,

Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.

HYMN 18. C. M.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead; [claims,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd:
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 19. C. M.

The song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable. Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly, in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the Holy Child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
"Behold thy servant dies;
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
"And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepared to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
"To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, while ye hear my heart strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 20. C. M.

Spiritual apparel, viz. the robe of righteousness and garments of salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 21. C. M.

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men. Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd way,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels, shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his blest abode!
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From every weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 22 *and* 23, *referred to the* 125*th Psalm.*

HYMN 24. L. M.

The rich sinner dying. Ps. xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds,

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul,
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones,

Their bones, without distinction, lie
Among the heaps of meaner bones.

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

HYMN 25. L. M.

A vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6—9.

1 ALL mortal vanities begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.]

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs, of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our Teacher and our King!"

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy forever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

HYMN 26. C. M

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ. 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What, tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints, by the power of God, are kept
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27. C. M.

Assurance of heaven; or, a saint prepared to die. 2 Tim. iv. 6—8, 18.

1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take,
This feeble soul of mine.

7 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain:
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—*Amen.*

HYMN 28. C. M.

The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his Church. Isa. lxiii. 1—3, &c.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious King:
"'Tis I, th' Just, th' Almighty One,
"That your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints inquire,
Why thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 "I by myself have trod the press,
"And crush'd my foes alone;
"My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,
"My fury stamp'd them down.

5 "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
"With joyful scarlet stains;
"The triumph that my raiment wears
"Sprung from my bleeding veins.

6 "Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
"That dare insult my saints;

" I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints."

HYMN 29. C. M.

The triumph of Christ; or, ruin of Antichrist. Isa. lxiii. 4—7.

1 "LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
" Where Antichrist has stood;
" The city of my gospel foes
" Shall be a field of blood."

2 "My heart has studied just revenge,
" And now the day appears;
" The day of my redeem'd is come,
" To wipe away their tears.

3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
" And bids my fury go:
" Swift as the lightning it shall move,
" And be as fatal too.

4 "I call for helpers but in vain:
" Then has my gospel none?
" Well, my own arm has might enough
" To crush my foes alone.

5 " Slaughter, and my devouring sword,
" Shall walk the streets around;
" Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
" And stagger to the ground."

6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thine awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliverer praise.

HYMN 30. C. M.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. xxvi. 8, 20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace!
Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching Lord, for thee:
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God:
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

Hymn 31, *referred to the* 1*st Psalm.*

HYMN 32. C. M.

Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27—30.

1 WHENCE do our mournful tho'ts arise
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name,
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell:
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss;
Till their unweary'd feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Hymns 33. 34, 35. 36, 37, 38, *referred to Psalms* 67, 73, 84, 90, 131, *and* 134.

HYMN 39. C. M.

God's tender care of his Church. Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 " Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
" And mothers monsters prove,
" Sion still dwells upon the heart
" Of everlasting love.

6 " Deep on the palms of both my hands
" I have engrav'd her name;
" My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
" And build her broken frame."

HYMN 40. L. M.

The business and blessedness of glorified Saints. Rev. vii. 13—15, &c.

1 "WHAT happy men, or angels, these,
" That all their robes are spotless white,
" Whence did the glorious troop arrive
" At the pure realms of heavenly light?"

2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet antnems to the great Three-One,
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls:
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heal all their wounds, and wipe their tears.

HYMN 41. C. M.

The same; or, the Martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THESE glorious minds how bright they shine!
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy seats
"Of everlasting day?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs,
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Divine wrath and mercy. Nah. i. 1—3, &c

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a *consuming fire*;*
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

2 Almighty vengeance! how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees,
Are forced into a flame;
But kindled, Oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach, the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

5 Thro' the wide air, the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd;
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God! thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne;
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour;
While we, beneath thy sheltering wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN 43, *referred to the* 100*th Psalm.*
HYMN 44, *referred to the* 133*d Psalm.*

HYMN 45. C. M.

The last Judgment. Rev. xxi. 5—8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 ["I am the first, and I the last,
"Thro' endless years the same;
"I AM—is my memorial still,
"And my eternal name.

3 "Such favours as a God can give,
"My royal grace bestows!
"Ye thirsty souls come taste the streams
"Where life and pleasure flows.]

4 ["The saint, that triumphs o'er his sins,
"I'll own him for a son;
"The whole creation shall reward
"The conquests he has won.

5 "But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
"And all the lying race,
"The faithless and the scoffing crew,
"That spurn at offer'd grace;

6 "They shall be taken from my sight,
"Bound fast in iron chains,
"And headlong plung'd into the lake
"Where fire and darkness reigns."]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head!

8 May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

* Heb. xii. 29.

† *Hymns* 46 *and* 47, *referred to Psalms* 3 *and* 148.

HYMN 48. L. M.

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

1 AWAKE, our souls, (away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought begone)
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 49. C. M

The works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God,
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus how sweet thy graces are,
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reached the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50. C. M.

The Song of Zacharias and the Message of John the Baptist; or, Light and Salvation by Jesus Christ. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.

3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald, which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways:

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardoned sins;
While grace divine, and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"On his baptising day.]

6 "Be every vale exalted high,
"Sink every mountain low;
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.

7 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
"Shall join in sweet accord;
"And all that's born of man shall see
"The glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
"Ye that in darkness sit:
"He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN 51. S. M.

Preserving grace. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52. L. M.

Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations, and baptise;"
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,

And sends his cov'nant, with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptis'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN 53. L. M.

The holy Scriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16 Psal. cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who, in various methods, told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record,
The bright inheritance of heaven,
Is, by the sweet conveyance, given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

4 Ye people all, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 54. L. M.

Electing grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ, our Lord, we share our part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his First-Belov'd.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Hezekiah's song; or, sickness and recovery. Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open wide in vain,
If he, who holds the keys of death,
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears:
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
"The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or, like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness, instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And flee at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 56. C. M.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb; or Babylon falling. Rev xv. 3, xvi. 19. xvii. 6.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Original sin; or the first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c. Ps. li. 5. Job. xiv. 4.

1 BACKWARD, with humble shame, we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse, and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 [Conceiv'd in sin, (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong, in our degen'rate blood,
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins!]

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power, from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wonderous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power,
That new creates our dust!

HYMN 58. L. M.

The Devil vanquished; or, Michael's War with the Dragon. Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host,
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast;
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ hath assum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more!

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down:
'Twas by thy word, and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heavens! let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN 59. L. M.

Babylon fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 IN Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone
Lies a fair type of Babylon;
"Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
"God shall avenge your long complaints."

2 He said, and dreadful, as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood;
"Thus terrible shall Babel fall,
"Thus, and no more be found at all."

HYMN 60. L. M.

The Virgin Mary's song; or, the promis'd Messiah born. Luke i. 46, &c.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In God, the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same spirit tune our voice.

2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let every nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd:
Holy and reverend is his name.]

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands forever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the desire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN 61. L. M.

Christ our high Priest and King; and Christ coming to Judgment. Rev. i. 5—7

1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glories sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love,

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;

Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN 62. C. M.

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation. Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63. L. M.

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

HYMN 64. S. M.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD, what wonderous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If, in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 65. L. M.

The kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of the Lord; or, the Day of Judgment. Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky!
Kings of the earth with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, who art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN 66. L. M.

Christ the King at his table. Solomon's Songs i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my soul and prove
My int'rest in his heavenly love,
The voice that tells me 'Thou art mine,'
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savor of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thine arms!
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,
To speak thy praises and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine,
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5 Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear:
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe, like spikenard, round the room.]

7 As myrrh, new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me:
And while he makes my soul his guest,
Thy bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 [No beams of cedar nor of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

HYMN 67. L. M.

Seeking the Pastures of Christ, the Shepherd. Solomon's Songs i. 7.

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see:
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my Beloved leads me home.]

HYMN 68. L. M.

The Banquet of love. Solomon's Songs ii. 1—7.

1 BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.

4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]

6 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN 69. L. M.

Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her Company. Solomon's Songs ii. 8—13.

1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now, thro' the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now, in the gospel's clearest glass,
He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 "The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
"The mists are fled the spring comes on,
"The sacred turtle-dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 "Th' immortal Vine, of heavenly root,
"Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
Lo, we are come to taste the wine:
Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
"Rise up my love, and haste away;"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation. Solomon's Songs ii. 14, 16.

1 [HARK! the Redeemer from on high,
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hidest in the rock,
"Thine heart almost with sorrow broke;
"Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
"And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
"My graces in thy count'nance meet;
"Tho' the vain world thy face despise,
"'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives;
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

5 [I am my Love's and he is mine,
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.]

HYMN 71. L. M.

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church. Solomon's Songs iii. 1—5.

1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight:
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft but find him not.

2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home;
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys;
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN 72. L. M.

The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the church. Solomon's Songs iii. 11.

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Placed on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 73. L. M.

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ. Solomon's Songs iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word:
"Lo, thou art fair, my love," he cries,
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
"Salutes mine ear with secret joys:
"No spice so much delights the smell,
"Nor milk, nor honey, tastes so well.]

3 "Thou art all fair, my bride to me;
"I will behold no spot in thee:"
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defil'd, and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair,
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 "My sister, and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy powerful love my heart detains
"In strong delight, and pleasing chains."

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men
To Zion where his glories are:
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN 74. L. M.

The church the garden of Christ. Solomon's Songs iv 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen, and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love and joy appear
And every grace be active here.

5 [Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast;
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
"The blessings that my Father sends;
"Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love."

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than we can give.]

HYMN 75. L. M.

The description of Christ the beloved. Solomon's Songs v. 9—12, 14—16.

1 THE wond'ring world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
"What are his charms," say they, "above
"The objects of a mortal love?"

2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White as his soul from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 [His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Near to the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me.

7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs, like marble pillars, stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle tempered with the dove;
Nor more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.

9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd,
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too!

HYMN 76. L. M.

Christ dwells in heaven but visits on earth. Solomon's Songs vi. 1—3, 12.

1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engrossed my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are:
No chariot of Aminadab
The heavenly rapture can describe.

6 O may my Spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.]

HYMN 77. L. M.

The love of Christ to the Church, in his language to her, and provision for her Solomon's Songs vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW, in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
"My love how pleasant for delight."

2 Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In Paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits:
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed but thirst no more!

HYMN 78. L. M.

The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy of her own. Sol's. Songs viii. 5—7, 13, 14.

1 [WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood,
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.]

3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand—
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown,
"And hell and earth in vain combine
"To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart:
"Then let thy name be well impress'd,
"As a fair signet, on my breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my Beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay.
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN 79. L. M.

A Morning Hymn. Ps. xix. 5, 8. & lxxiii 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every waud'ring star]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN 80. L. M.

An evening hymn. Psalm iv. 8. iii. 5, 6, cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN 81. L. M.

A song for morning or evening. Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82. L. M.

God far above all creatures, or man vain and mortal. Job iv. 17—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?

2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath
We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83. C. M.

Afflictions and death under providence. Job v. 6—8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance:
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,

For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84. L. M.

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ. Isa. xlv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names.

2 "I am the Last, and I the First,
"The Saviour God, and God the just;
"There's none beside pretends to shew
"Such justice and salvation too.

3 ["Ye, that in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from distant lands;
"Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.

4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return;
"To me shall all things bend the knee,
"And every tongue shall swear to me.]

5 "In me alone shall men confess,
"Lies all their strength and righteousness:
"But such as dare despise my name,
"I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
"Of Israel, from their sins be freed;
"And, by their shining graces prove
"Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN 85. S. M.

The same.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
"Mercy and justice are the names
"By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying souls, that sit
"In darkness and distress,
"Look from the borders of the pit
"To my recov'ring grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound:
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength is found
"In thee, the Lord, alone."

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

HYMN 86. C. M.

God holy, just and sovereign. Job ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or 'tempt th' unequal war?

4 [Mountains, by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn,
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea;
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wonderous way,
Or his dark footsteps find]

HYMN 87. L. M.

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent. Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God; I dwell on high;
"Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below:
"On earth I have a mansion too;
"The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
"I bid the mourning sinner live;
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 "[When I contend against their sin,
"I make them know how vile they've been;
"But should my wrath forever smoke,
"Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

HYMN 88. L. M.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4—6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 [The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.]

4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign, in eternal silence, there.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Youth and Judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through;
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 90. C. M.

The same.

LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I'd give all mortal joys away
To be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 91. L. M.

Advice to Youth; or, Old Age and Death in an unconverted state. Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxv. 20.

1 NOW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God:
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say—"My joys are gone."

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 92. S. M.

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
"His everlasting Son,
"Before the first of all his works,
"Creation was begun.

3 ["Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the skies,
"And built them, I was there,
"To order when the sun should rise,
"And marshal every star.

5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
"And spread the flowing deep;
"I gave the flood a firm decree,
"In its own bounds to keep.]

6 "Upon the empty air
"The earth was balanc'd well;
"With joy I saw the mansions where
"The sons of men should dwell.

7 "My busy thoughts at first
"On their salvation ran,
"Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
"Was fashion'd to a man.

8 "Then come, receive my grace,
"Ye children and be wise;
"Happy the man that keeps my ways;
"The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN 93. C. M.

Christ, or wisdom, obeyed or resisted. Prov. viii. 34—36.

1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
"Bless'd is the man that hears my word,
"Keeps daily watch before my gates,
"And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
"Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
"Immortal life is his reward,
"Life and the favour of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me
"Doth his own soul an injury;

"Fools that against my grace rebel,
"Seek death, and love the road to hell.

HYMN 94. C. M

Justification by Faith, not by works; or, the law condemns, grace justifies. Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Regeneration. John i. 13. iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96. C. M.

Election excludes boasting. 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

1 BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne:
No flesh shall in his presence boast
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light:
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 98. S. M.

The same.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands, infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 99. C. M.

Stones made the children of Abraham; or, grace not conveyed by religious parents. Matt. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He, from the caves of earth and hell,
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new created sons.

3 Such wonderous power doth he possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame;
Who call'd the world from emptiness;
The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN 100. L. M.

Believe and be saved. John iii. 16—18.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 101. L. M.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner. Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy, the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love:
The Son, with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 102. L. M.

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 3—12.

1 [BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]

2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.]

3 [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

4 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain,
Like sympathy and love again.]

6 [Bless'd are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasures they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

8 Bless'd are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN 103. C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name!
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face;
And, in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 104. C. M.

A state of Nature and of Grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r,
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Heaven invisible and holy 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 106. S. M.

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Hath nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107. L. M.

The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity. Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take possession of the man:
His unborn race received the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son,
"He shall destroy what thou hast done;
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 [He spake, and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels, with joy, descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies!
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

HYMN 108. S. M.

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 109. L. M.

The value of Christ and his righteousness. Phil. iii. 7—9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 110. C. M.

Death and immediate glory 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111. C. M.

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3, 7.

1 [LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace
Abounding thro' his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew,
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112. C. M.

The brazen serpent; or looking to Jesus. John iii. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113. C. M.

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8, Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise! how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus, the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out his children's name.

HYMN 114. C. M.

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive-wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings, grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN 115. C. M.

Conviction of sin by the law. Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
'Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116. L. M.

Love to God and our neighbour. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God,
"With utmost vigour and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbour next in place,
"Share thine affections and esteem;
"And let thy kindness to thyself
"Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But, Oh, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117. L. M.

Election sovereign and free. Rom. ix. 21—24.

1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God; and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]

3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 [What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?]

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust?
The thunders of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118. S. M.

Moses and Christ; or, Sins against the Law and Gospel. John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, and x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, (a nobler name,)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done:
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then, to his new commands,
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 119. C. M.

The different success of the Gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word:
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120. C. M.

Faith of things unseen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' Eternal hands;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33

FOR THOSE WHO PRACTISE INFANT BAPTISM.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
"I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

HYMN 122. L. M.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord;
Baptis'd into his death and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123. C. M.

The repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Has wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My father's house hath large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
"Fall down before his face;
"Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
"Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
(The father gives command)
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
"Let mirth and joy abound:
"My son was dead, and lives again,
"Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 124. L. M.

The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death, like a conqueror, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 [By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.]

HYMN 125. C. M.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted. Heb. iv. 15, 16, and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126. L. M.

Charity and Uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17, 19 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious, and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love, our souls pursue,
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Christ's invitation to Sinners; or, Humility and Pride. Matt. xi. 28—30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
"Ye heavy laden sinners, come,
"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
"My yoke and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is easy to his neck,
"My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus we come at thy command;
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould, and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128. L. M.

The Apostles' commission; or, the Gospel attested by miracles. Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
"He shall be sav'd, that trusts my word;
"He shall be damned that wont believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
"And ye shall prove my gospel true,
"By all the works that I have done,
"By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
"Go cast out devils in my name;
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
"I'm with you till the world shall end;
"All power is trusted in my hands,
"I can destroy and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129. L. M.

Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham offering his Son. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abra'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abra'm forbear," the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
"Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
"Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130. L. M.

Love and hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

1 NOW, by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone,
Envy and spite forever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run:

So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131. L. M.

The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands:
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he hath done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN 132. L. M.

Holiness and Grace. Tit. ii. 10—13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133. C. M.

Love and Charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

1 LET Pharisees, of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare:
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long, with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste:
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endures the wrong.]

4 [She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good:
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith, and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

HYMN 134. L. M.

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135. L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. iii. 16. &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. C. M

Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or, formality in worship. John iv 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137. L. M.

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim i. 9. 10.

1 NOW, to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given,
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transactions pass'd,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

HYMN 139. L. M.

Hope in the covenant; or God's promise and truth unchangeable. Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wonderous grace;
Eternal Power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 140. C. M.

A living and a dead faith, collected from several Scriptures.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace:
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN 141. S. M.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1 WHO hath believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows, his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn:
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best belov'd Son.

5 " But I'll prolong his days,
" And make his kingdom stand;
"My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
" Shall prosper in his hand.

6 [" His joyful soul shall see
" The purchase of his pain,
" And by his knowledge justify
" The guilty sons of men.]

7 [" Ten thousand captive slaves,
" Releas'd from death and sin,
" Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
" And own his power divine.]

8 [" Heaven shall advance my Son
" To joys that earth deny'd;
" Who saw the follies men had done,
" And bore their sins, and died."]

HYMN 142. S. M.

The same. Isa. liii. 6—12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken quite away:
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

6 " I'll give him," saith the Lord,
" A portion with the strong;
" He shall possess a large reward,
" And hold his honours long."

HYMN 143. C. M.

Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures.

1 AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the work he hates.]

3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth,
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conq'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

5 [Grace like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, " my Father, God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14, 16; Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145. C. M.

Christ and Aaron. Taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories, more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt:
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

4 [Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.]

6 [But Christ by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives, to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146. L. M.

Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See, in his face, what wonders meet,
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]

3 [Is he compared to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]

4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]

6 [Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living Vine!]

7 [Is he a head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives:
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.]

11 [Is he a way? He leads to God:
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

13 [Is he designed a Corner Stone
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light!
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright the morning star.]

16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]

17 [O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.]

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147. L. M.

The names and titles of Christ, from several Scriptures.

1 ? THIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;

Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminished rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipt in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injured love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
"Light of the world, and life of men;"
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints, in full fruition, prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN 148. Proper Metre.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining forever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

3 The sovereign "King of kings,"
"The Lord of lords," most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd
"The Word of God,"
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
"Light of the world,"
And "life of men;"
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend,
And brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

HYMN 149. L. M.

The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes, with joy and wonder, see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [The Angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.]

4 [Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.]

5 [My bright Example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

6 [I love my Shepherd; he shall keep,
My wandering soul amongst his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my Great High Priest, has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The "Captain of salvation" leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]

12 [Should death and hell and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.]

HYMN 150. Proper Metre.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace.
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder, see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He, like an angel, stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands.
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heaven.]

5 [Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And, thro' this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side!
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way!]

6 [I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]

7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love, away.]

10 [My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power!
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

12 [Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms,
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe;
For Christ displays
Superior power
And guardian grace.]

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN 1. L. M.

A song of praise to God.

1 NATURE, with all her power, shall sing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]

3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours, and our joys.]

4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]

5 [These western shores, our native land,
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]

6 [Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.]

7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far,
The honours of the God of war.]

8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosannas from ten thousand tongues.

9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame,
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 2. C. M.

The death of a sinner.

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then, swift and dreadful, she descends,
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their own guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

HYMN 3. C. M.

The death and burial of a Saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 4. L. M.

Salvation in the Cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie:
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

HYMN 5. L. M.

Longing to praise Christ better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross:

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquished by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and died,
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fired with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings,

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN 6. C. M.

A morning Song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 7. C. M.

An evening Song.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard:
And, still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared:

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O, how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul!
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 8. C. M.

A hymn for morning or evening.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power,
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day!
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body, slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10. C. M.

Parting with carnal Joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

3 There's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11. L. M.

The same.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away:
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll:
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12. C. M.

Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
"For I myself have died:"
And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13. L. M.

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this World.

1 SING to the Lord, that built the skies,
The Lord, that rear'd this stately frame:
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again.

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

HYMN 14. S. M.

The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15. L. M.

The enjoyment of Christ; or delight in worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd Jesus! what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 [Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen or angels known.]

HYMN 16. L. M.

Part the Second.

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs;
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN 17. C. M.

God's Eternity.

1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The seas and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN 18. L. M.

The Ministry of Angels.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go," saith the Lord,* "my Gabriel, go,
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
"Make haste,† ye cherubs, down below,
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."

3 Here a bright squadron‡ leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.§

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants,‖ Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN 19. C. M.

Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains,
In all their motions, rose;
"Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20. C. M.

Backslidings and returns; or the inconstancy of our love.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The saviour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17. § Acts xii. 7. ‖ Heb. i. 14.

5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go!

7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turned to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief:
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

10 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest,
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN 21. L. M.

A Song of praise to God the Redeemer.

1 LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana, and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold, a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell!
How the black gulf where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours given;
Thy wonderous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.

HYMN 22. L. M.

With God is terrible Majesty.

1 TERRIBLE God! that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
"With endless burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?"

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heavenly servants do;
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN 23. L. M.

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN 24. L. M.

The evil of Sin visible in the fall of angels and men.

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And every bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
Amongst the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.

3 [Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies;
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,
"Son of the morning, from the skies!"]

4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad,
Sin, that cursed name! that in one hour,
Spoil'd six days labour of a God!]

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
O! may he slay this treach'rous guest.

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN 25. C. M.

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul?
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive:
Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 26. L. M.

God invisible.

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode!
O 'tis beyond a creature-mind,
To glance a thought half-way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN 27. L. M.

Praise ye him all his angels. Psalm cxlviii. 2.

1 GOD! the eternal, awful name!
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling place;
But, O ye fi'ry flames declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing:
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.

4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array:
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads through all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What dreadful jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair.]

8 [Shout to your King, ye heavenly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe:
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear:
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN 28. C. M.

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts that us'd to rise,
Converse awhile with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But, Oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!

Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wonderous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 29. C. M.

Redemption by price and power.

JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chain,
And sent the Lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reign.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints, that feel his grace.

HYMN 30. S. M.

Heavenly joy on Earth.

1 [COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below!
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN 31. L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Frailty and Folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay,
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high, invites us home,
But we march heedless on;
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run,

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!

What chains of vengeance should we feel
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33. C. M.

The blessed society in heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Not earth, nor all her might'est things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evening there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove!
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints, and seraphs sing, and praise
The infinite Three One.

7 [But O, what beams of heav'nly grace,
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile!]

8 Jesus! O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there?

HYMN 34. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, fervency of devotion desired.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the United Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN 36. S. M.

Christ's Intercession.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus the Priest, receives our songs
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
"Hosanna to the God of grace
"Who lays his thunders by.]

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
"And triumphs all above;
"But Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
"To speak immortal love!

7 "How jaring and how low
"Are all the notes we sing!

"Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
"And they shall please the King."

HYMN 37. C. M.

The same.

1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats,
Where our Redeemer stays;
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads and prays.

2 'Twas well my soul he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood:
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]

5 Jesus alone shall hear my cries,
Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
"Hosanna in the highest;"
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.]

HYMN 38. C. M.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39. C. M.

The shortness and misery of life.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil, and few,"* the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains, and sins run through the round
Of three score years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 40. C. M.

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

1 OUR God! how firm his promise stands,
E'n when he hides his face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41. L. M.

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wonderous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies;
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

6 Great All in All, eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right hand?
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward to the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing, and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing
When Jesus hides his love.]

HYMN 43. L. M.

Christ's sufferings and glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]

4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace:
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heavenly plains.

HYMN 44. L. M.

Hell; or the Vengeance of God.

1 WITH holy fear and humble song
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice hath built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.

4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey the Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN 45. L. M.

God's condescension to our worship.

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs,
But th' heavenly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine;
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46. L. M.

God's condescension to human affairs.

1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high,
Above their meanest fellow worm.

7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 47. L. M.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue?
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 48. C. M.

Love to the Creatures is Dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 49. C. M.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there:
We may walk thro' its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 50. L. M.

Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.

1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But Oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN 51. L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways,
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 [Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.]

HYMN 52. C. M.

Death Dreadful, or Delightful.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long *for ever* there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love,
That promis'd heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMN 53. C. M

The pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth and Heaven.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
Lies thro' this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.]

7 [By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.]

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 [See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,
To welcome trav'llers home.]

10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys, recount
The labours of our feet.

11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glory to the King
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 54. C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up, with joy, the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Frail life and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 56. C. M.

The misery of being without God in this World; or, vain prosperity.

1 NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store
And rise to wonderous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own:
But death comes hastening on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine:
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN 57. L. M.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and bless'd are they,
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And, soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'lling in the dust below:
Almighty grace renew our souls!
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 58. C. M.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 [The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, "They're here,"
But only say, "They're past."]

3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh!
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 59. C. M.

Paradise on earth.

1 GLORY to God, who walks the sky
And sends his blessings through;
Who tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 [Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Sures that flow hard by the foot
the eternal throne.]

7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away,
From these lamenting eyes.

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

HYMN 60. L. M.

The truth of God the promiser; or the promises are our security

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that sound,
That bid the new made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O for a strong, a lasting faith!
To credit what the Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

HYMN 61. C. M.

A thought of death and glory.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow-gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load;
And long for evening, to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 62. C. M.

*God the thunderer; or, the last judgment and hell.**

1 SING to Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell, thro' all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the plains,
And thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord!
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN 63. C. M.

A Funeral Thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your towers;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
"Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more.

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64. L. M.

God the glory and the defence of Sion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun:
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65. C. M.

The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66. C. M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August 1697.

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67. C. M.

God's eternal Dominion.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee!

HYMN 68. C. M.

The humble worship of heaven.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thy embrace,
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

5 Then, at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there
Before the eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity** confess.]

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joy shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 69. C. M.

The faithfulness of God in the Promises.

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wonderous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord
"For wretched dying men:"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]

5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretch'd abroad;

* Isaiah xl. 17.

"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.

8 O, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

HYMN 70. L. M.

God's dominion over the sea. Ps. cvii. 23, &c.

1 GOD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides, and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew
And let his chosen armies through.

3 The scaly shoals amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 [The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6 How is thy glorious power ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men! refuse their Maker's praise.

7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued them.]

9 O for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God who rules the sky.

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza.

HYMN 71. C. M

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame:
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unweary'd course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

HYMN 72. C. M.

The Lord's Day; or the Resurrection of Christ.

1 BLESS'D morning whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas sing.]

HYMN 73. C. M.

Doubts scattered; or, spiritual joy restored.

1 HENCE, from my soul, sad thoughts be-gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears,

3 O, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74. S. M.

Repentance from a sense of Divine Goodness; or, a Complaint of Ingratitude.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 75. C. M.

Spiritual and Eternal joy; or, the beatific Sight of Christ.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN 76. C. M.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN 77. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

1 [STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes:
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

3 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel!
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;

There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78. C. M.

Redemption by Christ

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood:

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And ruis'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 79. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We, that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.

6 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN 80. S. M.

God's awful power and goodness.

1 OH! the almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion weil,
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
Who sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN 81. C. M.

Our sins the cause of Christ's death.

1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done:
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore?

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,
I'll wound my God no more:

Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

HYMN 82. C. M.

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages, set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace:
Salvation, for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar:
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing:
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 83. C. M.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
"Awake, my dreadful sword;
"Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
"My Fellow," saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed, down she flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand
And bows his head and dies.

3 But O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high!
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN 84. S. M.

The same.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose, to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN 85. C. M.

Sufficiency of pardon.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colors wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith
And nourish your despair?

2 What tho' your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundation laid
Low as the deeps of hell.

4 See here an endless ocean flows,
Of never-failing grace,
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase?

5 It rises high and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;

Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 86. C. M.

Freedom from sin and misery in Heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell,
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus, and salvation, be
The close of every song.

HYMN 87. C. M.

The divine glories above our reason.

1 HOW wonderous great! how glorious
Must our Creator be, [bright
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rds the celestial throne:
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies.

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind,
Can stretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King;
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN 88. C. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89. C. M.

Christ's victory over Satan.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning, from the skies.

2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep;
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conquering King?
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Thro' the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90. C. M.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grac
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come
"And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the Almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise Lord;
O! help my unbelief.

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 91. C. M.

The glory of Christ in Heaven.

1 O, THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.]

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

7 This is the Man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,
To our incarnate God!]

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay:
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 92. C. M.

The Church saved, and her enemies disappointed.

[Composed the 5th of November, 1694.]

1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run;
Ye western skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire;
Thee our glad voices sing;
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy power the whole creation rules;
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage;
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd;
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power;
Then let us, with united songs,
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 93. S. M.

God all, and in all. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all,

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here:
If thou depart 'tis hell.]

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace;
And no where else but there.

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie;
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

HYMN 94. C. M.

God my only happiness Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades, I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone!

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspired his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore!
When knotty whips and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse!
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twas you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart, O burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled wo.

HYMN 96. C. M.

Distinguishing Love; or, Angels punished and Men saved.

1 DOWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel angels fell;
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

3 O, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?

4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us, wretches, higher?

5 O, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 97. L. M.

The same.

1 FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of sovereign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our souls, our selves, our all we pay;
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

HYMN 98. C. M.

Hardness of heart complained of.

1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul,
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 99. C. M.

The Book of God's Decrees.

1 LET the whole race of creature's lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sovereign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm,
But's found in his decrees,
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
O, may I read my name,
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 100. L. M.

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown and bid my soul "Depart!"

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visits paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my love.]

9 [My God! and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible!—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

HYMN 101. C. M.

The World's three chief Temptations.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls:
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;

In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

HYMN 102. L. M.

A happy Resurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But, with a cheerful gasp, resign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine:

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

5 [Haste then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumphs of the day.]

HYMN 103. C. M.

Christ's Commission. John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God?

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
T'rust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN 104. S. M.

The Same.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts, to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent, with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord we obey thy call:
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear!"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106. C. M

Repentance at the Cross.

1 OH! if my soul was form'd for wo,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God!
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

HYMN 107. C. M.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 [The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear]

4 [What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]

5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again,
And, cheerfully, my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN 108. C. M.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord,
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by his Son:
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN 109. L. M.

The Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight,
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN 110. S. M.

Triumph over Death, in hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 111. C. M.

Thanksgiving for Victory; or God's Dominion and our Deliverance.

1 ZION rejoice and Judah sings,
The Lord assumes his throne,
Come, let us own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders thro' the world.

3 He, reigns upon the eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions, arm'd with power and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence;
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Still may the King of grace descend
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours we can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

HYMN 112. L. M.

Angels ministering to Christ and the Saints.

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire, they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 His orders run thro' all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now are they sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling the heavenly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 113. C. M.

The same.

1 THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!

2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And, when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold, a heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ, our King,
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,
To see a sinner turn,
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN 114. C. M.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wonderous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
"'Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finish'd!" our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done!
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When, thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 115. C. M.

God the avenger of his saints; or his kingdom supreme.

1 HIGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name!
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance, like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an Avenger there.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Mercies and Thanks.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead;
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From thine exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine!
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN 117. L. M.

Living and Dying with God present.

1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN 118. L. M.

The Priesthood of Christ.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
"Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries:
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks *peace* as loud from every vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN 119. C. M.

The holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated waters flows
To quench my thirst of sin:
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command!
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 120. S. M.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face ;
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands ;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence ;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood:
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121. L. M.

The law and gospel distinguished.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe :
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been ;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once ?
But, in the gospel, Christ appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law ;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives :
The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN 122. L. M.

Retirement and meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find,

HYMN 123. L. M.

The benefit of public ordinances.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat :
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high ;
And prayers produce a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grows strong,
Here we receive some cheering word ;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or, if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father ! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side ;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 124. C. M.

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinia given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron, the priest, resigns his breath,
At God's immediate will,
And in the desert yields to death,
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Israel rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest ;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

* Joshua, the same with Jesus, which signifies a Saviour.

HYMN 125. L. M.

Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

1 LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done.
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Wo to the wretch, who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief!
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies;
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 126. C. M.

God glorified in the gospel.

1 THE Lord descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's wonderous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Circumcision and Baptism (Written only for those who practice infant baptism.)

1 THUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise

HYMN 128. C. M.

Corrupt nature from Adam.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate the unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame;
Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with an heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 129. L. M.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Tho' lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130. C. M.

The new creation.

1 ATTEND while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glory shew;
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are past away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay—
"See the new world arise!

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness,
"To the new heavens I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace hath made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 131. L. M.

The excellency of the Christian religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around
And search from pole to pole again,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands.

5 Not the feign'd field of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132. C. M.

The offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways:
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133. L. M.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134. C. M.

Circumcision abolished.

1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
"I will the God of Abra'm be,
"And of his num'rous race.

2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke:

3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise;
His promises endure;
And Christ the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135. L. M.

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room.

2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When virions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense, and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd Seed.

HYMN 136. L. M.

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

1 THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth.

2 About the young Redeemer's head!
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim:
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 137. L. M.

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son:
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138. L. M.

The power of the Gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.

3 The Gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 [Where Satan reign'd, in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light:
Our lusts its wond'rous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 140. C. M

The examples of Christ and his Saints.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph, to his death

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HYMN 141. C. M.

Faith assisted by Sense; or, Preaching, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

1 MY Saviour God, my sovereign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise,

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal:
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142. S. M.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 143. C. M.

Flesh and Spirit.

1 WHAT diff'rent powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise,
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN 144. L. M.

The effusion of the Spirit; or, the success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd he sent his champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go! and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go! spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low.

5 Nations, the learn'd and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace! my heart subdue:
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 145. C. M.

Sight through a glass, and face to face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

2 O, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

HYMN 146. L. M.

The vanity of creatures; or no rest on earth.

1 MAN hath a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures; but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust!
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 147. C. M.

The creation of the world. Gen. i.

1 "NOW let the spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord;
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land;
He call'd the light, the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, (a flow'ry birth,)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise
To mark our months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wonderous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
Tho' sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

10 Thus, glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high;
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN 148. C. M.

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again:
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149. C. M.

Honour to magistrates; or government from God.

1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy Providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 [The crowns of righteous princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN 150. C. M.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

1 SIN hath a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151. L. M.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

HYMN 152. C. M.

Sinai and Zion Heb. xii. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 153. C. M.

The distemper, folly, and madness of Sin.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood:
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.]

6 [The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries;
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN 154. L. M.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

1 "WHERE are the mourners."* saith the Lord,
"That wait and tremble at my word?
"That walk in darkness all the day?
"Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 "[No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the smallest sin atone;
"†The robes that nature may provide,
"Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 "The softest couch that nature knows,
"Can give the conscience no repose:
"Look to my righteousness and live;
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.

4 "Ye sons of pride that kindle coals
"With your own hands, to warm your souls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:

5 "This is your portion at my hands,
"Hell waits you with her iron bands;
"Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
"In death, and darkness, and despair."

* Isaiah l. 10, 11. † Isaiah xxviii. 2

HYMN 155. C. M.

Christ our passover.

1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharoah's stubborn land!
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break the Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bond-ge freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus, our passover, was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156. C. M.

Presumption and despair; or Satan's various temptations.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heaven:
Anon he swells our sins and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."

4 [He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
"To think of God or death."
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "They must die
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."]

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157. C. M.

The same.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage:
Resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine!
Like innocence and love:
But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam fly!
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158. L. M.

Few saved; or the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and the Apostate.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159. C. M.

An unconverted State; or, converting Grace.

1 [GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own with humble shame
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.]

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]

4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well
With haste, we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160. L. M.

Custom in sin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong,
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161. C. M.

Christian virtues; or the difficulty of conversion.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is straight,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passions suppressed and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.]

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry,)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 162. C. M.

The meditation of Heaven; or the joys of Faith

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When, with eternal future things,
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 163. C. M.

Complaint of desertion and temptation.

1 DEAR Lord! behold our sore distress,
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

2 [The lion with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble sheep;
Reveal the glory of thy power
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood:
An advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword,
To slay our deadly foes;
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height and depth and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN 164. C. M.

The end of the World.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,

The earth and sea forever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground?

HYMN 165. C. M.

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod
And blessings of thy throne?]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God! thy sov'reign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN 166. C. M.

The Divine Perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 [The great Invisible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]

6 [Sinners before his presence die:
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice, upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN 167. L. M.

The divine perfections.

1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to the eternal King.

2 [Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend, precarious, on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3 [His sovereign power, what mortal knows?
If he commands who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncovered to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]

8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died
T' engage his justice on our side.]

9 [Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith,
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 O, tell me, with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

HYMN 168. L. M.

The same.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend!
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

HYMN 169. Proper Metre.

As the 148th Psalm.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs;
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my Friend!"
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my powers
And praise the lord.

HYMN 170. L. M.

God Incomprehensible and sovereign.

1 [CAN creatures to perfection find*
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven! 'tis deep as hell!
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man vain man, would fain be wise!
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose
Or ask him why or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 †He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
‡The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xi. 7, &c.

† Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 1. L. M.

The Lord's Supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wonderous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin,
"Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 "Do this," he cry'd, "till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend:
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 2. S. M.

Communion with Christ, and with Saints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 [JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.]

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN 3. C. M.

The New Testament in the Blood of Christ; or the new Covenant sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
"Shall stand for ever good,"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I set my worthless name:
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought at a dear price.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son?

Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 [When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]

3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he died,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]

7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Christ the Bread of Life John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word;
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou the immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.]

4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gave his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ, our life, shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN 6. L. M.

The memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi. 16. Luke xxii 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his holy face;
And, to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come:
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 7. L. M.

Crucifixion to the World by the cross of Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wonderous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The tree of life.

1 [COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high, around his throne,
And we, around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found!
From this immortal food!]

3 The tree of life that near the throne,
In heaven's high garden, grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.

4 [Hov'ring amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5 ['Tis a young heaven of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

6 New life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind,]

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wonderous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN 9. S. M.

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood. 1 John v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came.

It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood:
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones!
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream,
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN 10. L. M.

Christ Crucified—the Wisdom and Power of God.

1 NATURE with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasure mine.

5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 11. C. M.

Pardon brought to our Senses.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that "I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

3 "Here," says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
"See here the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I died!"

4 [He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:

"All this," says he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.]

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 [Let such amazing loves as this
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 12. L. M.

The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the Gospel's call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

HYMN 13. C. M.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room;
"When thousands make a wretched choice?
"And rather starve than come?"]

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home,

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race,
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN 14. L. M.

The song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28; *or a sight of Christ, makes death easy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God;
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips would learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his:
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And, at thy word depart in peace.

3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes;
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies,

4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

5 He is our light; our morning star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

HYMN 15. C. M.

Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his royal board,
And bless'd the food and sung.

2 Happy the men that eat this bread;
But doubly bless'd was he,
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith, the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And taste the heavenly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
"Come, my beloved, eat," (he cries)
"And drink salvation, friends.

5 ["My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains;
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins."]

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above!
With nobler blessings too.

7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at the heav'nly feast.]

HYMN 16. C. M.

The Agonies of Christ.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine:
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hopes he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew;
And the large load of all our guilt,
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 17. S. M.

Incomparable Food; or the Flesh and Blood of Christ.

1 [WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood!
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us the almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ;
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN 18. L. M.

The same.

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet:
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread: we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food:
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good,

4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

HYMN 19. L. M.

Glory in the Cross; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 20. C. M.

The Provisions for the Table of our Lord; or, the Tree of Life, and River of Love.

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd;
They spread new life thro' every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout, and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN 21. C. M.

The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell.

1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquered when he fell:
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]

3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O! what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

5 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I died;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side.

6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.

7 ["Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
"And plunged it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore
"And most tormenting smart.

8 "When hell and all its spiteful powers,
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To rescue those dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung and spy'd
"The monster tumbling down.

10 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh, my blood,
"And live eternal ages bless'd,
"For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 22. L. M.

The compassion of a dying Christ.

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb!
O, that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 Rebels we broke our Maker's laws
He from the threat'ning sets us free:
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more:
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood:
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23. C. M.

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24. C. M.

Pardon and strength from Christ.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN 25. C. M.

Divine glories and graces.

1 HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God! how bright they shine;
While at thy word, we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears, with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes, with aching heart,
Yet not forbids our joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

I CANNOT persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special *Song of Glory* to God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ hath so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another hymn. I have added, also, a few hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 26. 1st. L. M.

A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God:
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood;
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise;
Who in our hearts of sin and wo,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27. 1st. C. M.

1 GLORY to God, the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his fav'rites, to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28. 1st. S. M.

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men.

4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

5 To the Great One in Three
That seals this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

HYMN 29. 2d. L. M.

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name hath mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone

2 When all our noblest powers are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raise;
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. 2d. C. M.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new creating breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine;
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31. 2d. S. M.

1 LET God the Maker's name,
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above
Thy mercy we adore;
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HYMN 32. 3d. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

HYMN 33.

Or thus.

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

HYMN 34. 3d. C. M.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35.

Or thus.

HONOUR to thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

HYMN 36. 3d. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN 37.

Or thus.

GIVE to the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

HYMN 38.

A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

The first as the 148th Psalm.

1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN 39.

The second as the 148th Psalm.

1 TO Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son,
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address
The Spirit's name,
With equal praise
And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One.
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN 40.

The third as the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

HYMN 41.

Or thus.

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in one:
Salvation, power,
And praise be given,
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

HYMN 42. L. M.

The hosanna; or, salvation ascribed to Christ.

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 43. C. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

HYMN 44. S. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

HYMN 45.

As the 148*th Psalm.*

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood!
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God;
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
His wonderous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And every age
Pronounce him bless'd

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

INDEX,

To find any Hymn by the Title or Contents of it.

NOTE.—The letters *a, b, c,* signify the first, second and third book; the figures direct to the hymn.—If you find not what hymn you seek under one word of the title, seek it under another, or by some word that is of the same signification, though, perhaps, not mentioned in the title of the hymn.

AARON and Christ, a 145. Moses and Joshua, b 124.

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles, a 60, 113. 114. b 134. Offering his son, a 129.

Absence and presence of God, b 93. 94, 100. From God for ever intolerable, b 107

Access to the throne, by a Mediator, b 108.

Adam, his fall, a 107. Corrupt nature from him, b 128. The first and the second, a 57. 124.

Adoption, a 64, 143. And election, a 54.

Advocate. See *Christ's* intercession.

Affections inconstant. b 20. Unsanctified, b 165.

Afflicted, Christ's compassion to them, a 125.

Afflictions removed, a 87. Submitted to, a 5, 129, b 109. Support and comfort under them, b 50, 65. And death under Providence, a 83.

Almost christian, b 153.

Ambition, &c. b 101.

Angels sinning, b 24. Standing and falling, b 27. Praise ye the Lord, b 27. Punished, and men saved, b 96, 97. Their ministry to Christ and saints, b 18, 112, 113.

Anger of God. See *Wrath*, *Vengeance*, *Hell*.

Answer to the church's prayers, a 30.

Anti-Christ, his ruin, a 29, 56, 59. See *Enemies*

Apostate, b 158.

Apostles' commission, a 128.

Ascension and resurrection of Christ, b 76.

Assistance against temptations, a 15, 32, b 50 65.

Assurance of heaven. a 27, b 65. Of the love of Christ, a 14, b 73. Of faith, a 103.

Attributes. See *God*.

BABYLON fallen, a 56, 59. See *Enemies*.

Backslidings and returns, b 20.

Baptism a 52. Preaching and the Lord's Supper, b 141. And circumcision. a 121, b 127, 134, Burial with Christ, a 122.

Beatitudes, a 102.

Believe and be saved, a 100.

Believer baptized, a 52, 122.

Birth first and second, a 95, 99. Of Christ, miracles at it, b 136.

Blessed are the dead in the Lord, a 18. Society in heaven, b 33, 75.

Blessedness and business of heaven, a 40, 41, b 86. Only in God, b 93. 94, 100.

Blessing of Abraham on the Gentiles, a 113. 114, b 134.

Blood and flesh of Christ is our food, c 17, 18. The seal of the New Testament, c 3. The Spirit and the water. c 9.

Boasting excluded, a 96.

Bodies frail. See *Life*, *Health*, *Flesh*.

Book of God's decrees, b 99.

Bread of life is Christ, c 5.

Breathing towards heaven, b 23.

Burial. b 63. With Christ in baptism, a 122. And death of a saint, b 3.

CANAAN and heaven b 66, 124.

Carnal joys parted with, b 10, 11. Reason humbled, a 11, 12.

Ceremonial. See *Law*, *Types*. *Priest*.

Characters of the children of God, a 143. Of Christ, a 146, 150. Of blessedness, a 102.

Charity and uncharitableness, a 126. And love, a 130, 133.

Children in the covenant of grace, a 113, 114. Devoted to God, a 121, b 127.

Christ. See *Lord* and *Aaron*, a 145. And Adam, a 124. His ascension, b 76. Beatific sight of him, b 75. Beloved, described, a 75. The bread of life. c 5. His care of the young and feeble, a 125, 138 And the church, seeking, finding, &c. See *Church*. Coming to judge, a 61. His commission, b 103 104. Communion with him, a 66, 71. And saints, a 67, 76, c 2. Compared to inanimate things, a 146. His coronation and espousals, a 72. His cross, not to be ashamed of, c 19. Crucified, God's wisdom and Power, c 10.

David's son, a 16, 50. His death caused by sin, b 81. Grace and glory by it, c 23. Victory and kingdom, b 114. His divine nature, a 2, 13, 92, b 51. Dwells in heaven, visits the earth, a 76.

Enjoyment of him, b 15, 16. His eternity, a 2, 92. Example, b 139. Excellencies a 75, b 47.

Faith and knowledge of him, a 103. His flesh and blood our food, c 17, 18. Found and brought to the church, a 71. His glory in heaven, b 91. God reconciled in him, b 148. Grace given us in him, a 137, b 40.

High Priest and King, a 61. His human and divine nature, a 2, 13, 16. Humiliation and exaltion, a 1, 63, 141, 142, b 5, 43, 81, 83, 84, c 10, 16.

His incarnation, a 3, 13. Intercession, b 36, 37, 118. Invitation to sinners, a 127.

The King at his table, a 66. His kingdom among men, a 3, 21. Knowledge and faith in him, a 103.

The Lamb of God, a 1, 25, 62, 63. His love to the church, a 14, 77. Under desertion, b 50. Shed abroad in the heart, a 135. To men, a 92. Lifted up, a 112.

Ministered to by angels, b 112, 113. Miracles at the birth of Christ, b 136. Miracles in his life, death, and resurrection, b 137. And Moses, a 118.
Names and titles, a 147, 148, 149, 150. Nativity, a 3, 13.
Obeyed or resisted, a 93. His offices, a 149, 150. b 132.
Pardon and strength from him, c 24. Our passover, b 155. His person glorious and gracious. a 75, b 47. Our Physician, a 112. His pity to the afflicted and tempted, a 125. His priesthood, a 145, b 118. His presence. See *Presence*. Prophecies and types of him, b 135 Prophet, Priest, and King, a 25, b 132. Our Prophet and Teacher, a 93.
Redemption. See *Redeem*. Rejected by the Jews, a 141 Resurrection, b 72, 76. Is our hope, a 26. Resurrection, life, and death Miraculous, b 137. Revealed to man, a 10 To babes, a 11, 12 Righteousness and strength in him, a 84, 85, 97. Righteousness valuable a 109.
His sacrifice, b 142 And intercession, b 118. Salvation, righteousness and strength in him, a 15, 84, 85, 97, 98. Our sanctification, a 97, 98. Satan at enmity, a 107. Saints in his hand, a 138. Our Shepherd, a 67, 142. The substance of the types, b 12. Sent by the Father, a 100, b 103, 104. His sufferings, c 16. And godly sorrow, b 9, 106. And glory, a 1, 62, 63, b 43 81, 83, 84, c 10.
His titles and kingdom, a 13. Triumph over our enemies, a 28, 29. Types and prophecies of him, b 135.
Victory over Satan, a 58, b 89. Death and hell c 21. Unseen and beloved a 108.
Wisdom of God, a 92. Our wisdom and righteousness, a 97, 98. Worshipped by the creation, a 62.
Christian. See *Saints*, *Spiritual*, &c. Religion, its excellency, b 131. Almost, b 158. Virtues, b 161.
Church. See *Worship*, *Saints*, *Spiritual*. Its safety and protection, a 8, 39, b 64, 92. Its enemies slain by Christ, a 28, 29. Conversing with Christ, namely, seeking, finding, calling, answering, a 66—71. Under God's care a 66. Espousals with Christ, a 72 Beauty in the eyes of Christ, a 73 The garden of Christ, a 74, Saved, and enemies of disappointed b 92.
Circumcision abolished, b 134. And baptism, a 121, b 127.
Clothing, spiritual, a 7. 40.
Comfort in the covenant with Christ, b 40. Restored, b 73. See *Pardon*. In sorrows of mind and body, b 50, 65.
Communion with Christ and saints, a 2. Between Christ and the Church, a 66—71. b 15, 16.
Compassion of a dying Christ, c 22. To the afflicted, a 125.
Complaint of a heard heart, b 98. Of desertion and temptations, b 163. Of dulness, b 34. Of indwelling sin, a 115. Of ingratitude, b 74. Of sloth and negligence, b 25, 32.
Condemnation by the law, a 94.
Condescension to our worship b 45. Affairs, b 46.
Confession and pardon, a 131.
Conscience, good, the pleasures of it, b 57. Secure, and awakened, a 115.
Constancy in the gospel, b 4.
Contention and love, a 130
Conversion, a 104, b 159. The difficulty of it, b 161. Delayed, a 88- 91. The joy of heaven, a 101.
Conviction of sin by the law, a 94, 115. By the cross of Christ, b 81, 95.
Corrupt nature from Adam, a 57, 107, b 128, 150.
Covenant of grace, a 9. Children therein, a 113, 114. Sealed and sworn, a 139, c 3. Hope in it, a 139 Made with Christ, our comfort, b 40. Of works. See *Law* and *Gospel*.
Covetousness, &c. a 24, b 56. 101.
Courage and constancy, a 14. 15, 48, b 4, 65.
Creation a 92 b 71, 147. New, b 130. Preservation, &c. of this world, b 13.
Creatures praise the Lord, b 71. Love dangerous, b 48. God above them, a 82. Their vanity, b 146.
Cross of Christ is our glory, c 19. Repentance flowing from it, b 106. Salvation in it, b 4. Crucifixion to the world by it, c 7.
Curse and promise, a 107.
Custom in sin, b 160.
DANGERS of our earthly pilgrimage, b 53. Of death and hell, b 55. Of love to the creatures, b 48.
Darkness dispelled by Christ's presence, b 54. Of providence, b 109.
Day of grace, and time of duty, a 88. Of judgment, a 45, 61, 65, 89, 90.
Dead in the Lord, their blessedness, a 18. To sin by the cross of Christ, a 106.
Death. See *Christ* And afflictions under Providence, a 83. Terrible to the unconverted, a 91. Made easy by the sight of Christ, b 31, c 14. By a sight of heaven, b 66. God's presence in it, b 49, 117. Our fear of it, b 31. Desirable, a 99, b 61. Overcome, a 17. Triumph over, a 6, b 110. Prepared for, a 27, b 63. Of a sinner, a 24, b 2. And burial of a saint, a 18, b 3. And eternity b 28. And glory, a 110, b 61. And the resurrection, b 3, 102, 110. Of Moses at God's command, b 49 Dreadful and delightful, b 52.
Deceitfulness of sin, b 150.
Decrees of God, a 11, 12, 96, 117, b 99.
Deity of Christ, a 2, 13. 92, b 51.
Delay of conversion, a 88—91, b 25, 32.
Delight in worship, b 14. In God, b 42. In converse with Christ, b 15, 16.
Deliverance from death and the grave, b 3. See *Enemies*, *Church*. And submission, a

129. From spiritual enemies, a 47, b 65, 82, 111.
Dependence. See *Faith.*
Desertion and temptation complained of, b 163.
Desire of Christ's presence, b 100. See more in *Heaven. Christ's Love,* &c.
Despair and presumption, a 115, b 156, 157.
Devil vanquished, a 58. See *Victory.*
Devotion, fervent, desired, b 34.
Difficulty of conversion, b 161.
Dissolution of this world, b 13, 164.
Disease. See *Sickness.*
Distemper, folly and madness of sin, b 153.
Distinguishing love, a 11, 12, 96, 117, b 96, 97.
Divine. See *God, Deity,* &c.
Dominion of God, and our deliverance, b 111. Eternal, b 67. Over the sea, b 70.
Doubts and fears suppressed, b 73.
Doxologies, c 26—45.
Dulness, spiritual, b 25.
EARTH, no rest on it, b 146. And heaven, b 10, 11, 53.
Effusion of the Spirit, b 144.
Election excludes boasting, a 96. Free, a 11, 12, 54, 117. See *Decrees.*
End of the World, b 164.
Enemies of the church disappointed, b 92. Salvation from them, b 82, 88. Triumphed over by Christ, a 28, 29. See *Church, Babylon, Michael.*
Enjoyment of Christ, b 15, 16. See *Worship.*
Enmity between Christ and Satan, a 107.
Envy and love, a 130.
Espousals of the church to Christ, a 72.
Establishment in grace, b 82.
Eternity of God, b 17. Of his dominion, b 67. And death, b 28. Succeeding this life, b 55. See *Heaven, Death.*
Evening and morning hymns, a 79, 80, 81, b 6, 7, 8.
Exaltation. See *Christ, Glory, Sufferings,* &c.
Example of Christ, b 139. Of saints, b 140.
Excellency of the Christian religion, b 131.
FAITH in things unseen, a 120, b 129. And knowledge of Christ, a 103. Love and joy, a 108. And unbelief, b 125. Living and dead, a 140. Assisted by sense, b 141. Its joy, b 162. In Christ our sacrifice, b 142. And salvation, a 100. Of assurance, a 103. And sight, a 110, b 145. Triumphing in Christ, a 14. For pardon and sanctification, b 90. Faith and reason, b 87, 109.
Faithfulness of God's promises, b 40, 60, 69.
Fall of angels and men, b 24. And recovery of man, a 107, b 78.
Fears and doubts suppressed, b 73.
Feast of love, a 68. Of triumph, c 21. Of the gospel, a 7, c 12, 20. Made, and guests invited, c 13.
Fellowship. See *Communion.*
Fervency of devotion desired, b 34.
Few saved, b 158.
Flesh and blood of Christ the best food, c 17, 18. Our tabernacle, a 110. And spirit, b 143.
Food, spiritual, a 7, 67 68, 74, b 15. See *Feast.*
Folly and madness of sin, b 153.
Forbearance. See *Patience.*
Forgiveness. See *Pardon.*
Formality in worship, a 136.
Frail. See *Life, Health, Forgetfulness,* b 165.
Frailty and folly, b 32.
Free. See *Grace, Election.*
Freedom from sin and misery in heaven, b 86.
Funeral thought, b 61, 63. See *Death, Burial.*
GARDEN of Christ, is the church, a 74.
Garment of salvation, a 7, 20.
Gentiles. Christ revealed to them, a 10, 13, 50, c 13, 14. Abraham's blessing on them, a 113, 114, b 134.
Glorified martyrs and saints, a 40, 41. Body, b 110.
Glory and death, a 110, b 61 See *Heaven.* Of God above our reason, b 87. Of Christ in heaven, b 91. See *Christ.* And grace by the death of Christ, c 23. Justification and sanctification, a 3. To the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, c 26—41. Of God in the gospel, b 126. And grace in the person of Christ, b 47. And sufferings of Christ, b. 43. See *Sufferings.*
Glorying in the cross of Christ, c 19.
God all, and in all, b 93, 94. His absence, See *Absence.* His attributes, b 51, 166, 169. Glorified by Christ, b 126, c 10. The avenger of his saints, b 115.
Care of his church, a 39. Condescension to human affairs, b 46. To our worship, b 45. The Creator and Redeemer, b 35.
Our delight, b 42. Our defence, a 47. Dominion over the sea, b. 70. Dominion, and our deliverance, b 111. Dwells with the humble, a 87.
Eternity, b 17. Eternal dominion, b 67. Everlasting absence intolerable, b 100, 107.
Far above his creatures, a 82. The Father, Son and Spirit, c 26—41. His faithfulness to his promises, b 60, 69.
Glory and defence of Sion, b 64. His glory above our reason, b 87. His goodness, b 58, 80. His grace. See *Grace.* Government from him, b 149. Holiness, justice, and sovereignty, a 86.
Invisible, b 26. Incomprehensible, b 87, 170.
His kingdom supreme, b 115. His love in sending his Son, a 100.
And our neighbor loved, a 116.
Our portion or chief good, b 93, 94. His power, b 80. And goodness, b 6, 7, 8. His praise. See *Praise.* Presence in life, and at death, b 117. See *Presence.* Preserver of our lives, b 6, 7, 8, 19. Promise and truth unchangeable, a 139.
Sight of him weans us from earth, b 41. Sovereign, b 170.

Terrible majesty, b 22. And mercy, b 80. His truth, b 60, 69.
Vengeance, b 44, 62. Unity and Trinity, c 26 41. His word, a 53, Wrath and mercy, a 42
A song of praise to b, 1.
Goodness of God, b 58, 74. See *Grace*. And power of God, a 42, b 80.
Gospel feast, c 12. See *Grace Feast*. Invitation and provision, a 7, c 20. Times, their blessedness, a 10. See *Scripture*. Glorifies God, b 126. No liberty to sin, a 106, 132, 140. Not ashamed of it, a 103, c 19 And law, a 94, b 120, 121, 124. Sinned against, a 118. Its different success, a 119, b 144. Ministry, a 10 Attested by miracles, a 128, b 136, 137. Its glorious effects, b 138.
Government from God, b 149.
Grace and glory by the death of Christ, c 23 Of the Spirit, a 102. Converting, b 159. In exercise, c 25. Justifies, a 94. Sanctifies and saves, a 111. Not conveyed by parents, a 99. All sufficient in duty and sufferings, a 15, 32, 104. Given in Christ, a 137. Covenant, a 9. Children in it, a 113, 114. And holiness, a 132. Electing, a 54. Its freedom and sovereignty, a 11, 12, 96, 117, b 96, 97. And glory in the person of Christ, b 47. Adopting, a 64. Persevering, a 51. Promises, a 7, 9. Throne accessible by Christ, b 36, 37, 108.
Gratitude for divine favours, b 116.
HAPPINESS. See *Blessed*, *Heaven*.
Hardness of heart, b 98.
Hatred and love, a 130.
Health preserved, b 6, 7, 8, 19. Restored, a 55.
Heaven and earth, b 10, 11, 53. And hell, a 45. Invisible and holy, a 105. Meditation of it, b 162. Joy there for repenting sinners, a 101. Its blessedness and business, a 40, 41. The hope of it our support, b 65. Its prospect makes death easy, b 66. Worship of it humble, b 68. Freedom from sin and misery there, b 86. Hoped for by Christ's resurrection, a 26. Insured and prepared for, a 27. Christ's dwelling-place, a 76, b 91. Sight of God and Christ there, b 23. Blessed society there, b 33. Desired, b 68.
Heavenly mindedness, b 57. Joy on earth, b 15, 30, 59.
Hell and death, b 2. And judgment, a 45, b 62. Or the vengeance of God, b 22, 44. The holy fear of it, b 107.
Hezekiah's song, a 55.
Holy. See *Spirit*.
Holiness. See *Grace*, *Spiritual*, *Sanctification*, And sovereignty of God, a 82, 86. And grace, a 132, 140. Its characters, a 102.
Honour vain, b 101. To magistrates, b 149.
Hope of the living, a 88. Gives light and strength, b 129. In the covenant, a 139. Of heaven by Christ's resurrection, a 26. Of heaven our support under trials, b 65. Of the resurrection, b 3, 110.
Hosanna to Christ, a 16, c 42, &c.
Human affairs condescended to by God, b 46. Nature of Christ, a 2, 3, 13, 60.
Humble, God's dwelling, a 87. Enlightened, a 11, 12, 50. Worship of heaven, b 68.
Humiliation. See *Christ*, *Sufferings*, &c. And prayer, public, a 30.
Humility and pride, a 127. And meekness, a 102. In heaven, b 68.
Hypocrisy and sincerity, a 136. Hypocrite or almost Christian, b 158.
IGNORANCE enlightened, a 11, 12.
Ignorance and unfruitfulness, b 165.
Impenitence, b 125.
Incarnation of Christ, a 2, 3, 13, 60.
Incomprehensible God, b 87. And invisible, b 26.
Inconstancy of our love, b 20.
Infants. See *Children*.
Ingratitude complained of, b 74.
Inspiration and prophecy, b 151.
Institution of the Lord's supper, c 1.
Insufficiency of self-righteousness, b 154.
Intercession of Christ, b 36, 37, 118.
Invitation of Christ answered, a 70. Of the gospel, a 79, 127, c 13, 20.
JEALOUSY of our love to Christ, a 78.
Jesus. See *Lord*, *Christ*.
Jews. See *Moses*, *Gospel*, *Christ*, *Gentiles*.
John the Baptist's message, a 50.
Joshua, Aaron, and Moses, b 124.
Joy, faith and love, a 108. Of faith, b 162. Carnal parted with, b 10, 11. Heavenly upon earth, a 135, b 30, 59. Spiritual restored, b 73. See more in *Delight*, *Comfort*.
Judgment day, a 45, 61, 65, 89, 90. And hell, b 62. Christ coming to it, a 61.
Justice, &c. of God, a 86.
Justification, a 14. See *Pardon*. By faith not by works, a 94, 109. Sanctification, a 7, 9, 20, 84, 85, b 90. And glory, a 3.
KINGDOM and titles of Christ, a 13. Of Christ, among men, a 21, 65. Of God eternal, b 68. Supreme, b 115.
Knowledge and faith of Christ, a 103. Saving, from God, a 11, 12, 93.
LAMB that was slain, a 1, 25, 62. See *Christ*.
Law convinces of sin, a 115. Condemns, a 94. Gospel, b 120, 121, 124 And gospel sinned against, a 118.
Levitical priesthood fulfilled in Christ, b 12.
Life frail, and succeeding eternity, b 55. Preserved, b 6, 7, 8, 19. Short, frail, miserable, a 82, b 39, 58. The day of grace and hope, a 88.
Light and salvation by Jesus Christ, a 50. In darkness by the presence of God, b 54. Given to the blind, a 11, 12.
Long sufferance. See *Patience*.
Lord Jesus at his own table, a 66. c 15. Supper, preaching and baptism, b 141. Supper

instituted, c 1. Day, a 72. Delightful, b 14. Table provided for, c 20 See more in *Christ*.
Love of Christ unchangeable, a 14, 39. Shed abroad in the heart, a 135. Its banquet, a 68. c 13 Of Christ in words and deeds, a 77. Of Christ its strength, a 78. Unseen, a 108. To Christ, b 100. To God pleasant and powerful, b 30. And hatred, a 130. Faith and joy, a 108. And charity, a 133. Of God in sending his Son, a 100, b 103, 104. To God and our neighbour, a 116. Religion, vain without it, a 134. Peace and meekness, a 102. Of Christ dying, c 4, 22. To God inconstant, b 30. To the creatures dangerous, b 48. Distinguishing, a 11, 12, b 96, 97.
MADNESS, folly and distemper of sin, b 153
Magistrates honoured, b 149.
Majesty of God terrible, b 22, 62.
Malice and love, a 130.
Man saved, and angels punished, b 96, 97. Mortal and vain, a 82. His fall and recovery, a 107.
Martyrdom, a 14, b 4.
Martyrs glorified, a 40, 41.
Mary the virgin's song, a 60.
Mediator, the way to the throne of grace, b 106.
Meditation of heaven, b 162. And retirement, b 122.
Memory weak, b 165.
Memorial of our absent Lord, c 6.
Mercies national, b 1, 111. See *Grace, Wrath, Thanks*.
Messiah born, a 60. Come b 12.
Michael's war with the dragon, a 58.
Minister's commission, a 128.
Ministry of angels, b 18. Of the gospel, a 10
Misery and sin banished from heaven, b 86. And shortness of life, b 39. Without God in the world, b 56. Of sinners. See *Sinner, Death, Hell*.
Morning and evening songs, a 79, 80, 81, b 6, 7, 8.
Mortality and vanity of man, a 82.
Mortification to the world by the sight of God b 41. By the cross of Christ, b 106, c 7.
Moses and Christ, a 49, 118.
Moses dying, b 49. Aaron and Joshua, b 124.
Mourning. See *Complaints, Repentance*.
Mysteries revealed, a 11, 12.
NATIONAL mercies and thanks, b 1, 111.
Nativity of Christ, a 2, 3, 13.
Nature and grace, a 104. Corrupt from Adam, a 57. b 128, 159.
Neighbour and God loved, a 116.
New covenant sealed, c 3. Promises, a 7 Song, a 1. Creature, a 9. Testament in the blood of Christ, c 3. Creation, a 95, b 130 Birth, a 95.
November 5th, a song of praise, b 92.
OBEDIENCE, evangelical, a 140, 143.
Old age and death of the unconverted, a 91.
Offence not to be given, a 126.
Offices and operations of the Holy Spirit, b 133. And of Christ, a 146—150, b 132.
Olive-tree, the wild and the good, 114.
Ordinances. See *Worship, Lord's Supper*.
Original sin, a 57 See *Adam, Nature*.
PAINS, comfort under them, b 50.
Paradise on earth, b 30, 59.
Pardon, a sufficiency of it, b 85. And confession, a 131. And strength from Christ, c 24. Bought at a dear price, c 4. And sanctification by faith, a 9, b 90. Brought to our senses, c 11.
Parents and children, 113, 114. Convey not grace, a 99
Passover, Christ is ours, b 155.
Passion. See *Christ, Sufferings, Anger, Love*.
Patience under afflictions, a 5, 129, b 109. Of God producing repentance, b 74, 105.
Peace of conscience, b 57. And contention, a 130. See *Comfort, Joy*.
Perfections of God, b 166—169.
Persevering grace, a 26, 32, 48, 51, 138.
Person of Christ glorious and gracious, a 75, b 47.
Persecution, courage under it, a 14.
Pharisee and publican, a 131.
Pilgrimage of the saints, b 53.
Pleasures of a good conscience, b 57. Of religion, b 30, 59 Sinful, forsaken, b 10, 11. Their vanity and danger, b 101.
Poverty of spirit, a 102, 127.
Power of God, a 86. And wisdom in Christ crucified, b 126, c 10. And goodness of God awful, a 42, b 80.
Praise imperfect on earth, b 5. For daily protection and preservation, b 6, 7, 8. From angels, b 27. From the creation, b 71. To the Redeemer, b 5, 21, 29, 35, 78. To the Trinity, c 26—41. For creation and redemption, b 35.
Prayer and praise, a 1. For deliverance answered, a 30.
Preaching, baptism, and the Lord's supper, b 141.
Predestination. See *Election*.
Preparation for death, a 27. See *Death*.
Presumption and despair, a 115, b 156, 157.
Presence of God in worship, b 45. Light in darkness, b 54. In death, a 19, b 31, 49, c 14. In life and death, b 117 Or absence of Christ, b 50 Of Christ in worship a 66, b 15, 16, c 15. Of God our life, b 93, 94, 100.
Preservation of this world, b 13. Of our graces, a 51 Of our lives, b 6, 7, 8, 19.
Pride and humility, a 11, 12, 127.
Priesthood, Levitical, ending in Christ, b 12. Of Christ, b 118.
Prodigal repenting, a 123.
Profit and unprofitableness, 118, b 165.
Promised Messiah born, a 60, 107.
Promises of the covenant, a 9, 39, 107. See

Scripture. And truth of God unchangeable, a 139. Our security, b 40, 60, 69.
Prophecies and types of Christ, b 135. And inspiration, b 151.
Prosperity and adversity, a 5. Vain, b 56, 101.
Protection from spiritual enemies, b 82. Of the church, a 8, 22, 23. See *Church*.
Providence, b 46. Executed by Christ, a 1 Over afflictions and death, a 83. Its darkness, b 109. Prosperous and afflictive, a 5.
Provisions. See *Gospel*, *Lord's Table*.
Public Ordinances. See *Worship*.
Publican and Pharisee, a 131.
Punishment for sin. See *Hell*, a 100, 118.
RACE, christian a 48, b 53.
Reason, feeble, b 87. Carnal humbled, a 11, 12.
Recovery from sickness a 55.
Reconciliation to God in Christ, b 148.
Redemption in Christ, a 97, 98. b 78. And protection b 82. By price, c 4. And by power, b 29. See *Christ*.
Regeneration, a 95, b 130. See *Election*, *Adoption*, *Sanctification*.
Religion neglected, b 32. Vain without love, a 134 Christianity, the excellency of it, b 131 Revealed. See *Gospel*, *Scripture*.
Remembrance of Christ, c 6.
Repenting prodigal, a 123.
Repentance from God's goodness and patience, b 74, 105. And humiliation, a 87. At the cross of Christ, b 9, 106. and impenitence, b 125. Gives joy to heaven, a 101.
Resignation. See *Submission*.
Resurrection, a 6, b 102, 110. See *Death*, *Christ*, *Heaven*.
Retirement and meditation, b 122.
Returns and backslidings, b 20.
Revelation of Christ. See *Gentile*, *Gospel*.
Revenge and love, a 130.
Rich sinner dying, a 24, b 56.
Riches, their vanity b 56, 101.
Righteousness and strength in Christ, a 84, 85, 97, 98. Of Christ valuable, a 109. Our robe. a 7, 20. And self-righteousness, a 131. Our own insufficient, b 154.
SABBATH delightful, b 14.
Sacrament. See *Baptism*, *Lord's Supper*.
Sacrifice of Christ, b 142. And intercession, b 118.
Safety of the church, 8, 39, b 64, 92.
Saints. See *Church*, *Spiritual*. God their avenger, b 115. And hypocrites, a 136, 140. Their example, b 140. Characters of them, a 143. In the hand of Christ, a 138. Security, b 64. Beloved in Christ, a 54 Adopted, a 64. Death and burial, b 3. In glory, a 40, 41. Communion, c 2.
Salvation b 88. Of the worst of sinners, a 104. By grace, a 111. In Christ, a 137. See *Christ*, *Cross*, *Grace*, *Heaven*, *Light*, *Redeem*, *Righteousness*.
Sanctification, justification, and glory, a 3. And pardon, a 9. Through faith, b 90.
Satan and Christ at enmity, a 107. His various temptations. b 156, 157. Conquered by Christ, b 89. See *Devil*.
Scripture, a 53 b 119. See *Gospel*.
Sea under the dominion of God, b 70.
Sealing and witnessing Spirit, a 144.
Secure and awakened sinner a 115.
Security in the promisses, b 40, 60, 69.
Seeking after Christ, a 67, 71.
Self-Righteousness, a 131. Insufficient, b 154.
Sense assisting our faith, b 141.
Sensual delights dangerous, b 10, 11, 48.
Serpent, brazen, a 112.
Shepherd, Christ and his pastures, a 67.
Shortness, frailty, and misery of life, b 32, 39, 58.
Sickness and recovery, a 55.
Sight of God mortifies us to the world, b 41. Of Christ beatifie, b 16 75. And faith a 110, 120, b 129, 145. Of Christ makes death easy, c 14.
Simeon's song, a 19, c 14.
Sinai and Sion. b 152.
Sincerity and hypocrisy, a 136,
Sin the cause of Christ's death, b 81. And misery banished from heaven. a 105, b 86. Original, a 57 Pardoned and subdued, a 9, 104, b 90. Indwelling, a 115 Its power. a 115, b 86. The ruin of angels and men, b 24. Custom in it, b 160. Folly, madness and distemper of it, b 153. Conviction of it by the law, a 115. Against the law and gospel, a 118. Crucified, a 106. Deceitfulness of it, b 150.
Sinning and repenting, b 20.
Sinful pleasures forsaken, b 10, 11.
Sinner, the vilest saved, a 104. And saint's Death, b 2, 3, 62. Invited to Christ, a 127. Excluded heaven, a 104, 105 His death terrible, a 91, b 2.
Sloth spiritual complained of, b 25.
Society in heaven blessed, b 53.
Son equal with the Father, b 51. See *Christ*.
Sons of God, a 64, 143. Elect and new-born, a 54.
Song of angels, a 3. Of Simeon, a 19, c 14. Of Zachariah, a 50 Of Moses and the Lamb a 49, 56. Of Hezekiah, a 55. Of Solomon paraphrased, a 66—78. Of the Virgin Mary. a 60. For November 5th, b 92.
Sorrow. See *Repentance*. Comfort under it b 50, 60, 69. For the dead relieved. b 3.
Sovereignty, a 86 See *Grace*, *Election*, *God*.
Soul separate. See *Death*. *Heaven*, *Hell*.
Spirit breathed after, a 74. b 34. Water and blood, c 9 His offices b 133. Witnessing and sealing, a 144. Its fruits 102.
Spiritual enemies, deliverance, a 47, b 65, 82. Warfare, b 77. Pilgrimage, b 53. Apparel, a 7, 20. Race a 48. Sloth and dulness, b 25, 34. Joy, b 73, 75. Meat, drink and clothing, a 7. Food. See *Feast*.
State of nature and grace, a 104.

Storm. See *Thunder.*
Strength from heaven, a 15, 32, 48. Righteousness and pardon in Christ, a 84, 85, c 24.
Submission and deliverance, a 129. To afflictions, a 5, b 109.
Success of the gospel, a 11, 12, 119, b 144.
Sufferings of Christ, b 16. See *Christ.*
Supper of the Lord instituted, c 1. Baptism and preaching b 141
Support under trials, b 50, 65.
Sympathy of Christ, a 125.
TABLE of the Lord. See *Lord.*
Temptations, hope under them, a 139. Of the world, b 101. Of the devil, b 65, 156, 157. And desertion complained of, b 163.
Tempted, Christ's compassion to them, a 125.
Terrors of death to the unconverted, a 91.
Testament, new, in the blood of Christ, c 3.
Thanksgiving for victory, b 111. For mercies, b 116. National b 1.
Throne of grace. See *Grace.*
Thunderer, God, b 62.
Time redeemed a 88. Ours, and eternity God's b 67.
Tree of life, c 8. And river of love, c 20.
Trinity praised, c 26—41.
Trials on earth, and hope of heaven, b 65.
Triumph over death, a 6, b 110. Of faith in Christ, a 14. At a feast, c 21. Of Christ over our enemies, a 28.
Trust. See *Faith.*
Truth and promises of God unchangeable, a 139, b 60, 69.
Types, b 12. And prophecies of Christ, b 135.
VAIN prosperity, b 56, 101.
Value of Christ and his righteousness, a 109.
Vanity and mortality of man a 82. Of youth, a 89, 90. Of the creatures, b 146.
Victory, a thanksgiving for it, b 111. Over death, a 17. Sin and sorrow, a 14 Of Christ over Satan, a 58, b 89. See *Enemies.*
Virtues, christian, b 161. See *Holiness*, *Love*, *Saints*, *Spiritual.*
UNBELIEF and faith, a 100, b 125. Punished, a 118.
Uncharitableness, and charity, a 126.
Unconverted state, b 159. Death terrible to them, a 91.
Unfruitfulness, b 165.
Unsanctified affections, b 165.
Unseen things, faith in them, a 120.
WANDERING affections, b 20. Thoughts in worship, a 136.
Warfare, christian, b 77.
Water, the spirit and the blood, c 9.
Weak saints encouraged by Christ, a 125. By the church. a 126.
Weakness our own, and Christ our strength a 15.
Wisdom and power of God in Christ crucified, c 10. Carnal humbled, a 11, 12.
Witnessing and sealing Spirit, a 144.
Word of God, a 53. Preached, a 10, 119. See *Gospel*, *Scripture.*
World, crucifixion to it by the cross, c 7. The temptations of it, b 101. Its end, b 164. Mortification to it by the sight of God b 41. Its creation, b 147. Preservation, b 13
Worship of heaven humble, b 68. Profitable, b 123. Condescended to by God, b 45. Christ present at it, a 66, b 15, 16, c 15. Accepted through Christ, b 36, 37. Formality in it, a 136. Delightful, b 14, 15, 16, 42.
Wrath and mercy of God, a 42, b 80. See *God*, *Hell.*
YOKE of Christ easy, a 127
Youth, its vanities, a 89, 90. Advised, a 91.
ZACHARIAH'S song, and John's message, a 50.
Zeal in the christian race, a 48, b 129. And love, a 14. For the gospel a 103, b 4. The want of it, b 25. Against sin; b 106. For God, b 116.
Zion, her glory and defence, b 61. See *Church.*

A TABLE,

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

	Page
ADORE and tremble for our God	10
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed	36
All glory to thy wonderous name	81
All mortal vanities begone	8
And are we wretches yet alive	59
And must this body die	60
And now the scales have left mine eyes	53
Arise, my soul, my joyful powers	54
As new-born babes desire the breast	30
At thy command, our dearest Lord	79
Attend while God's exalted Son	64
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue	7
Awake our souls, away our fears	11
Away from every mortal care	63
BACKWARD, with humble shame we look	12
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	50
Behold how sinners disagree	28
Behold the blind their sight receive	66
Behold the glories of the Lamb	3
Behold the grace appears	3
Behold the potter and the clay	25
Behold the Rose of Sharon here	15
Behold the woman's promised seed	65
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine	26
Behold, what wonderous grace	14
Bless'd are the humble souls that see	22
Bless'd be the everlasting God	8
Bless'd be the Father and his love	80
Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays	51
Bless'd with the joys of innocence	64
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies	62
Bright King of glory, dreadful God	46
Broad is the road that leads to death	70
Bury'd in shadows of the night	21
But few among the carnal wise	21
CAN creatures to perfection find	73
Christ and his cross is all our theme	25
Come all harmonious tongues	54
Come dearest Lord descend and dwell	28
Come, happy souls, approach your God	59
Come hither, all ye weary souls	27
Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	42
Come, let us join a joyful tune	75
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	14
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	60
Come, let us lift our voices high	79
Come, we that love the Lord	41
DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold	16
Dear Lord! behold our sore distress	71
Dearest of all the names above	68
Death cannot make our souls afraid	45
Death may dissolve my body now	8
Death! 'tis a melancholy day	46
Deceiv'd by subtile snares of hell	23
Deep in the dust before thy throne	26
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove	39
Do we not know that solemn word	26
Down headlong from their native skies	57
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song	35
ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad	3
Eternal Sovereign of the sky	68
Eternal Spirit! we confess	65
FAITH is the brightest evidence	25
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone	37
Father, I long, I faint to see	50
Father, we wait to feel thy grace	80
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands	29
From heaven the sinning angels fell	57
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise	52
GENTILES by nature we belong	24
Give me the wings of faith to rise	66
Give to the Father praise	81
Glory to God the Trinity	81
Glory to God the Father's name	80
Glory to God who walks the sky	48
God is a Spirit, just and wise	28
God of the morning, at whose voice	18
God of the seas, thy thundering voice	51
God! the eternal, awful name	40
God, who, in various methods, told	12
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord	27
Go worship at Immanuel's feet	31
Great God! how infinite art thou	50
Great God, I own thy sentence just	4
Great God! thy glories shall employ	72
Great God to what a glorious height	61
Great King of glory and of grace	70
Great was the day, the joy was great	67
HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews	28
Happy the church, thou sacred place	49
Happy the heart where graces reign	43
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	49
Hark! the Redeemer from on high	15
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims	7
Hence from my soul, sad thoughts be gone	51
Here at thy cross, my dying God	35
High as the heavens above the ground	62
High on a hill of dazzling light	38
Honour to thee, Almighty Three	81

	Page
Hosannas, &c.	82
Hosanna to our conquering King	55
Hosanna to the Prince of Light	52
Hosanna to the Royal Son	6
Hosanna with a cheerful sound	36
How are are thy glories here display'd	80
How beauteous are their feet	5
How can I sink with such a prop	62
How condescending and how kind	74
How full of anguish is the thought	58
How heavy is the night	21
How honourable is the place	4
How large the promise! how divine	24
How oft have sin and Satan strove	29
How rich are thy provisions, Lord	77
How sad our state by nature is	55
How shall I praise the eternal God	72
How short and hasty is our life	41
How should the sons of Adam's race	19
How strong thine arm is, mighty God	11
How sweet and awful is the place	77
How vain are all things here below	45
How wonderous great! how glorious bright	55
I CANNOT bear thy absence, Lord	62
I give immortal praise	82
I hate the tempter and his charms	70
I lift my banner, saith the Lord	9
I love the windows of thy grace	67
I send the joys of earth away	36
I sing my Saviour's wonderous death	61
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord	22
In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone	13
In thine own ways, O God of love	9
In vain the wealthy mortals toil	7
In vain we lavish out our lives	5
Infinite grief! amazing wo	57
Is this the kind return	52
JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high	73
Jehovah speaks, let Israel hear	19
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold	31
Jesus invites his saints	74
Jesus is gone above the skies	75
Jesus the man of constant grief	5
Jesus, we bless thy Father's name	12
Jesus, we bow before thy feet	78
Jesus, with all thy saints above	41
Join all the glorious names	33
Join all the names of love and power	32
KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord	16
LADEN with guilt, and full of fears	62
Let all our tongues be one	76
Let everlasting glories crown	65
Let every mortal ear attend	4
Let God the Father live	81
Let him embrace my soul and prove	14
Let God the Maker's name	81
Let me but hear my Saviour say	6
Let mortal tongues attempt to sing	13
Let others boast how strong they be	38
Let Pharisees of high esteem	28
Let the old heathens tune their song	39
Let the seventh angel sound on high	14
Let the whole race of creatures lie	58
Let the wild leopards of the wood	71
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	42
Let us adore th' eternal Word	75
Life and immortal joys are given	64
Life is the time to serve the Lord	19
Lift up your eyes to the heavenly seats	43
Like sheep we went astray	30
Lo, the destroying angel flies	70
Lo, the young tribes of Adam rise	20
Lo, what a glorious sight appears	7
Long have I sat beneath the sound	72
Lord, at thy temple we appear	7
Lord, how divine thy comforts are	76
Lord, how secure and bless'd are they	47
Lord, how secure my conscience was	24
Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand	79
Lord, we adore thy vast designs	60
Lord, we are blind we mortals blind	40
Lord, we confess our num rous faults	24
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace	37
Lord! what a wretched land is this	46
Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll	35
MAN hath a soul of vast desires	67
Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven	29
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	66
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so	40
My God, how endless is thy love	18
My God, my life, my love	56
My God, my portion, and my love	57
My God, permit me not to be	63
My God, the spring of all my joys	47
My God, what endless pleasures dwell	44
My heart, how dreadful hard it is	57
My Saviour God, my Sovereign Prince	66
My soul, come meditate the day	48
My soul forsakes her vain delight	36
My thoughts on awful subjects roll	34
My thoughts surmount these lower skies	71
NAKED as from the earth we came	4
Nature, with all her powers shall sing	34
Nature, with open volume, stands	76
No, I'll repine at death no more	59
No, I shall envy them no more	47
No more, my God, I boast no more	23
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard	22
Not all the blood of beasts	67
Not all the outward forms on earth	21
Not diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress	27
Not from the dust affliction grows	18
Not the malicious or profane	22
Not to condemn the sons of men	22
Not to the terrors of the Lord	69
Not with our mortal eyes	23
Now be the God of Israel bless'd	11
Now, by the bowels of my God	27
Now for a tune of lofty praise	44
Now have our hearts embraced our God	77
Now in the galleries of his grace	17
Now, in the heat of youthful blood	20
Now let a spacious world arise	68
Now let our pains be all forgot	78

	Page
Now let the Father and the Son	81
Now let the Lord my Saviour smile	45
Now Satan comes with dreadful roar	70
Now shall my inward joys arise	9
Now to the Lord, a noble song	45
Now to the Lord that makes us know	13
Now to the power of God supreme	29
O FOR an overcoming faith	6
Oh! if my soul was form'd for wo	59
Oh! the Almighty Lord	53
O the delights, the heavenly joys	56
Often I seek my Lord by night	16
Once more my soul, the rising day	35
Our days, alas! our mortal days	43
Our God! how firm his promise stands	43
Our sins, alas! how strong they be	55
Our souls shall magnify the Lord	13
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb	79
PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair	53
Praise, everlasting praise be paid	48
RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run	42
Raise your triumphant songs	59
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground	38
SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word	27
Salvation! O the joyful sound	55
See where the great incarnate God	10
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood	18
Shall we go on to sin	23
Shall wisdom cry aloud	20
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys	56
Sin hath a thousand treacherous arts	68
Sin, like a venomous disease	69
Sing to the Lord that built the skies	37
Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts	49
Sitting around our Father's board	80
So did the Hebrew prophet raise	24
So let our lips and lives express	28
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	52
Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise	40
Strait is the way, the door is strait	71
TERRIBLE God! that reign'st on high	39
That awful day will surely come	60
The glories of my Maker God	51
The God of mercy be ador'd	81
The King of glory sends his Son	66
The lands that long in darkness lay	6
The law by Moses came	25
The law commands and makes us know	63
The Lord declares his will	62
The Lord, descending from above	64
The Lord Jehovah reigns	73
The Lord on high proclaims	19
The majesty of Solomon	61
The mem'ry of our dying Lord	77
The promise of my father's love	74
The promise was divinely free	65
The true Messiah now appears	37
The voice of my Beloved sounds	15
The wondering world inquires to know	17
Thee we adore, eternal name	47
There is a house not made with hands	23
There is a land of pure delight	49
There was an hour when Christ rejoiced	5
These glorious minds, how bright they shine	10
This is the word of truth and love	66
Thou whom my soul admires above	15
Thus did the sons of Abra'm pass	64
Thus far the Lord has led me on	18
Thus saith the first the great command	25
Thus saith the High and Lofty One	19
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord	26
Thus saith the Ruler of the skies	54
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord	20
Thy favours, Lord, surprise our souls	44
Time! what an empty vapour 'tis	48
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	64
'Tis from the treasures of his word	31
'Tis not the law of ten commands	63
To God the Father, God the Son	81
To God the Father's throne	82
To God the only wise	11
To him that chose us first	82
To our eternal God	82
'Twas by an order from the Lord	69
'Twas on that dark that doleful night	74
'Twas the commission of our Lord	11
VAIN are the hopes that rebels place	21
Vain are the hopes the sons of men	21
UP to the fields where angels lie	43
Up to the Lord that reigns on high	44
WE are a garden wall'd around	16
We bless the prophet of the Lord	65
We sing the amazing deeds	78
We sing the glories of thy love	12
Welcome, sweet day of rest	37
Well the Redeemer's gone	42
What different powers of grace and sin	67
What equal honours shall we bring	14
What happy men or angels these	9
What mighty man or mighty God	8
When I can read my title clear	49
When I survey the wonderous cross	75
When in the light of faith divine	58
When strangers stand and hear me tell	17
When the first parents of our race	53
When the great Builder arch'd the skies	39
When we are raised from deep distress	12
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise	9
Where are the mourners saith the Lord	69
Who can describe the joys that rise	22
Who hath believed thy word	29
Who is this fair one in distress	17
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	6
Why do we mourn departing friends	35
Why does your face, ye humble souls	54
Why is my heart so far from thee	35
Why should the children of a King	30
Why should this earth delight us so	71

	Page
Why should we start and fear to die	41
With cheerful voice I sing	32
With holy fear and humble song	44
With joy we meditate the grace	26
YE angels round the throne	82
Ye sons of Adam, vain and young	20
ZION rejoice and Judah sing	61

FINIS.